

THE LIVING AGE.

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"MISSING."

When the anxious hearts say "Where?"
He doth answer "In My care."

"Is it life or is it death?"
"Wait," He whispers. "Child, have
faith!"

"Did they need love's tenderness?"
"Is there love like Mine to bless?"

"Were they frightened at the last?"
"No, the sting of death is past."

"Did a thought of 'Home-Love' rise?"
"I looked down thro' Mother-eyes."

"Saviour, tell us, where are they?"
"In My keeping, night and day."

"Tell us, tell us, how it stands."
"None shall pluck them from My
Hands."
The Bookman.

TO INSPIRATION.

I built a pillared house for thy de-
light;

In lonely hours I reared the willing
walls;

I made the frieze of Longing and
bedight

With Hope the quoins and carven
capitals:

Yea, I made many chambers, raised
thee stairs

Lit all with Love and carpeted with
Cares;

The doors and windows were with
Beauty decked,

'Twas all for thee that I turned
architect.

A throne for thee, my fancy fashioned
there,

With tears I gemmed it, draping it
with dreams,

So mean it was to hold a form so fair,
So bare a niche for saint so white.

It seems

E'en yet mine eyes must see thee,
crowned and queen,

Look from thy purpled seat with wist-
ful mien

On my poor pomp so little worthy
thee—
Yet stoop to grace my tribute loyalty.

But idly spent my labor, vainly
wrought

Were all these arching vaults my
spirit planned;

These emptied rooms were tapestried
for naught,

No music wakes within at thy com-
mand.

I dreamed thy spirit would with mine
commune

To bid its discord merge in perfect
tune:

But, at my side, thou wouldst not
deign to dwell,

Nor wouldst my soul's unrest in pity
quell.

Now, like some wounded thing, my be-
ing cries

Through ruined halls and wind-wide
corridors,

Or, as a phantom, flits in fearful
guise

From room to room, o'er mould'ring
sunken floors.

Threadbare the curtains are, a pall of
dust

Clings close to faded alcoves. Wreathed
with rust

Are plaque and lamp from crumbling
ceilings hung;

The casements gape, the rotting doors
are sprung.

And down lone terraces, distraught, I
tread

The cold, dank, shattered pavement,
starred with stones

That fell from crazy gables overhead:
Things once I cherished changed to
naked bones.

By weed-locked gates and creaking
posterns worn

With night-borne sighs, my spirit,
sleepless, torn,

Haunts the dense avenues with dread
despairs,

Or dews with blight of tears the
choked parterres.

Ernest F. Allnutt.

The New Witness.

A GERMAN FOG IN WASHINGTON.

To uphold the honor and dignity of the United States, and yet keep the country out of war, is the difficult problem now before President Wilson. This is the task set for him by a majority of the American people, judging from the expression of public sentiment which finds voice in the Press and in speeches made on various and sundry occasions throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is in the attempt to express this sentiment in American foreign policies that President Wilson finds himself at the moment in a most difficult and trying position, from which it will take enormous political agility to escape with dignity and credit to himself or to the nation for which he speaks.

"Give a calf enough rope and it will hang itself," is an old saying which seems to furnish a key of sorts to the President's policy in dealing with Germany and Austria. In other words, he seems inclined to let things go on until they become so bad that he has a unanimous public sentiment behind him in any action he may take. To prosecute British officials for violation of neutrality in enlisting men in the United States for service in the British Army, to demand the recall of the Austrian Ambassador caught red-handed in a plot to hamper American industry, and to pursue relentlessly all unimportant violators of American neutrality law, regardless of which side of the European controversy these violations favor, are all matters against which no protest will be made by the American people; in fact, such actions will meet with their approval, because they cater to the neutrality idea without seriously threatening America with an armed conflict.

It is, however, when the American authorities enter the controversial field

of international law and custom that the touch becomes less sure and American policy vague and confused. In the matter of protests since the sinking of the *Lusitania*, as shown by the diplomatic record, there is no flaw. A position was assumed, reiterated, and the threat distinctly made, that further violation of the American contentions would be regarded in a most serious light, necessitating action on the part of the American Government. The sinking of the *Arabic* was as gross a violation of the American contention as was the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The German Ambassador to Washington made a statement full of apologies for the incident, and said that the German Government was quite prepared to yield to the American demands as to freedom of the seas for neutral and non-combatant lives.

Then comes the formal Note from Berlin, which falls in every particular to sustain the forecast made by the German Ambassador, and this Note is keyed in such insolent tone as to place matters exactly where they stood the day after the *Lusitania* was sunk, with the added aggravation of a fresh offence defended and justified by the offender upon the flimsiest grounds. Then came the sinking of the *Hesperian*; still another violation of the American contention, in regard to which, however, Germany denies all responsibility. The calf has certainly been given plenty of rope, but is demonstrating the possession of as many lives as the proverbial cat.

No statesman could envy President Wilson in his present predicament. He stands between the devil of Prussianism and the deep sea of a nation urging him on to say anything and everything, but to do nothing which smacks of an exhibition of force; the

only thing for which the Berlin Government has any fear or even respect. The German Ambassador announces that his enforced recall would mean war a few days thereafter, and he is unquestionably correct, and he remains. Berlin proposes to refer to the Hague Conference a matter of indemnity for American lives and property wilfully and illegally destroyed; and thus it will be to the end of the chapter, for if this sort of guff is found adequate to defer a crisis in German-American relations, an unlimited supply will be forthcoming from Berlin.

More Notes from the American Government wherein a distinguished regard for the Imperial German Government and the German nation will be expressed in the best language of diplomacy, and also containing expression of further incredulity as to any malignity in German purpose may be expected unless American public opinion yields signs of support for a more vigorous policy. If this calf and rope idea is to be followed indefinitely nothing will be done; certainly not while Germany is sinking other than American ships, even though they are non-combatant and carry American passengers. It is evident that if Germany really wants President Wilson to be aggressive, a German submarine must sink an American passenger liner with several hundred American citizens on board, or else the German Ambassador must be caught, dark lantern and jemmy in hand, trying to break into the United States treasury.

Such occurrences as these would undoubtedly give President Wilson the necessary *plébiscite* to act as well as speak; or, in other words, the calf might then be found to have hanged itself with the ample supply of rope given. Count Bernstorff has, however, shown great skill in avoiding the coils, and up to the present writing at least is still *persona grata* with the Ameri-

can State Department. Upon the heads of his subordinates the blame is allowed to fall for all acts for which in ordinary times the chief representative of a foreign Government is held responsible. These men are being thrown to the lions one at a time as public indignation in America is about to reach the boiling-point and a sacrifice is demanded. Dr. Dumba, the erstwhile Austrian Ambassador in Washington, showed less skill, agility, ingenuity, or whatever else it may be called, and fell a victim to his own plotting. He was caught red-handed, acknowledged his guilt, and is now in a position to state from personal knowledge that methods of diplomacy successfully practised in the Balkan States are not as useful or convincing when utilized in Washington.

These things are by the way, however, and the chief concern of those Americans who are anxiously awaiting the outcome of the present German-American controversy in hopes the Washington Government will extract itself from present difficulties with honor and dignity, is with the situation as a whole. This situation has now become intolerable. President Wilson would win a high position for himself in the history of his country if by some clearly defined and effective move he would brush aside the fog which now envelops the whole discussion, and get back to the fundamental issue which arose from the sinking of the *Lusitania*. German diplomacy has not ranked high in the world's affairs, but in this instance, and up to now, it has proved too much for the chosen political leader of the American nation.

The Congress of the United States meets in regular session early in December. It has been rumored that it would be called together in special session at an earlier date. The President of the United States has no power to

declare war upon another country, this being a function of the legislative body solely. It seems possible the President is unwilling to precipitate by his own act a crisis that would result in war. He may wish to spar for a time until Congress gets together and then place the whole matter in the hands of that body, accepting the decision then given as the will of the nation.

What action Congress might take if now in session is problematical. There are many pro-Ally and many pro-German members. There are many others who represent peace-at-any-price communities. The debate upon any action proposed at this time, and as matters now stand, would be fierce and prolonged. The Democratic Party has a good working majority, but there would be no solid party front presented to the Opposition on this matter, especially if the President himself advocated no particular line of action but left it to be fought out in the legislative body. There would be much play of politics, as within less than a year the candidates will be chosen for the next Presidential election, due a year from this November. In a congressional session preceding a national election every move is considered as having a direct bearing upon the vote which is so soon to be cast. A record of past efficiency or inefficiency can be easily wiped out or subordinated to a skilful handling of political issues in this pre-election session.

There is a large element among the American voters thoroughly dissatisfied with the President's handling of the Mexican crisis, and a still larger element very much disgusted with the present German-American situation, which they believe has come about largely through the "wait-and-see" policy of Washington. There is another element fighting constantly for advantage for the Central Empires, and

still another, greater than either of those mentioned, which is in favor of American neutrality at almost any cost. These elements are far from being sharply defined. A question has probably never arisen in the history of the American Government from its foundation upon which were held more divergent views, and upon which were to be found more shades of opinion, as to the course that should be taken by the United States in the present controversy with Germany.

It is this confused state of public opinion which has be-fogged the Government at Washington, and which, if the matter were to be submitted to Congress, would give rise to a most acrimonious debate covering the entire field of foreign policy. The Executive Government of the United Kingdom wanted the support of Parliament in its commitment to this war. There is no doubt but that President Wilson wants an even more unanimous support than was accorded the British rulers before he takes any steps which would in all probability lead to hostilities.

It is said in Washington that no man really knows just what President Wilson thinks about this war, as to the position America should occupy in relation thereto, or just where his sympathies may lie. No man in high places has ever held his own counsel more consistently or persistently than has this President of the United States. With other Presidents it has always been possible to learn from intimate personal friends what the Chief Executive of the nation was thinking about, and to obtain his opinions on current events. President Wilson does not appear to have surrounded himself with a group of trusted friends and advisers to whom he unburdens his mind or to whom he goes for counsel as other Presidents have done, and it is known that even

the members of his own Cabinet find him a listener rather than a talker, and not one of them has penetrated the barrier of reserve, both physical and mental, he has erected about himself. He is manifestly self-contained, and if he is possessed of those strong convictions with which he is credited he is most chary of indicating their nature in times of great national anxiety.

He has shown himself to be a strong, obstinate fighter for what he wants from Congress, and he has won over a majority vote on several occasions after a fight in the beginning of which he was seemingly in accord with only a hopeless minority. The character of the man cannot change; in fact, he is of particularly rigid mental construction, so we must believe that he has had, not only strong convictions upon every point that has arisen since August 4th, 1914, but that he has exercised the most marvellous self-control in refraining from expressing these convictions, even in moments of relaxation in company with intimate personal friends, or those who may rank as such through constant personal association.

That the neutrality of the American Government has been maintained in this war is manifest in the dissatisfaction expressed by Germany and by the Allies as well with certain acts of that Government. The statement recently accredited to the German Ambassador in Washington that America was not neutral, never had been, and that everybody knew it, is one of the most valuable testimonials as to American sympathy with the Allied cause that has been forthcoming. If Germany is so dissatisfied with the American attitude, the Allies can well afford to refrain from serious criticism of American action or inaction, as the case may be, in dealing with Germany. As it happens, under present conditions strict neutrality on the part of Amer-

ica militates seriously against Germany and Austria—hence the bitterness shown by Germans towards America and all things American. Deprived of her over-seas trade by the Allied Navies, Germany is denied access to American markets, and therefore finds it irksome that her opponents are able to purchase supplies and transport them to Europe. The German idea of neutrality would be for America, by an embargo upon the export of munitions of war, to do for Germany what her Navy is unable to do, and that is to stop the shipment of supplies to the Allies.

Austria was the chosen instrument to sound Washington as to the possibility of bringing about such an embargo. The reply of the United States Government was swift and sure. It was most emphatically to the effect that such action would be held to be unneutral, and that the whole principle of such an embargo would be wrong, to say nothing of the inexpediency of America establishing a precedent which might at some future time arise to confound and endanger an American position. This answer of the American Government to Austria was so emphatic and unequivocal that it practically put an end to all serious agitation within the United States in favor of an embargo, an agitation which was making formidable headway. It also indicated strongly that should Congress, perhaps for local political reasons, pass such an Act the President would veto it. He would have to do this or stultify himself. Such an Act could become a law over the President's veto by a two-thirds vote, but the possibility of such action by Congress need hardly be taken seriously; in fact, an American embargo upon the export of war material is practically no longer to be considered even as a remote eventuality.

There is an influence at work in

Washington, and perhaps throughout the country, among a certain class of well-meaning but not well-informed people, that has helped to increase the apparently inexhaustible stock of patience of the American Government with German misdoing. It is felt by these people that Germany being helpless on the sea should be given the benefit of any doubt which may arise as to her acts or intentions. This might come from a desire to make allowances for desperation. It is rather a difficult thing to explain, but it may be considered as parallel to the leniency shown by the law or a jury to the acts of a man mentally unbalanced from one cause or another, or to a combatant driven into a corner and fighting against tremendous odds which seem to promise defeat, using methods which would otherwise appear unpardonable. Of course, this idea is based upon ignorance or indifference to the real issues of the present war, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that it has a certain hold upon neutral minds remote from the struggle.

A prominent New York newspaper of high standing and conservative habit, not usually given to the publication of illustrations, found the occasion of Count Bernstorff's statement to the effect that Germany would yield to American demands for the safety of non-combatants at sea to be worthy of using a large picture of President Wilson, and printing below it the following text: "This is the man who, without rattling a sword, without mobilizing a corporal's guard of soldiers, or lifting the anchor of a warship, won for civilization the greatest diplomatic victory of generations." The arrival of the German official Note a few days later in which the sinking of the *Arabic* was justified, indemnity refused, a reference to the Hague proposed and Count Bernstorff's previous statement

utterly nullified, must have given the editorial staff of that New York newspaper a cold chill, for it made their announcement of a great "diplomatic victory" look extremely foolish. This is but a single illustration of the game that is being played with the American people by the representatives of the Central Empires. At the moments of highest tension "fog bombs" are discharged, if not from the German Embassy, from some other source of supply, "official" or "semi-official," and the issue again becomes obscure to the public gaze. It is little wonder that Mr. Lansing, the American Secretary of State, is off on a ten-days' holiday. He probably felt that a temporary retirement was needed to clear his vision and enable him to take a fresh hold upon the vexed question of German-American relations.

Realizing their inability to bring about an embargo upon the export of war material, and somewhat checked in their strike agitation by the enforced exit of Dr. Dumba from the diplomatic circle, German efforts are now directed towards making trouble for British finance in America. This field for obstruction is not very promising for several reasons, most of them practical. Even the German bankers have suffered through the irregularity of sterling exchange, and we now find them in friendly conference with the Anglo-American Committee for the purpose of coming to some better arrangements than exist at present. Then, again, the money to be borrowed by England in the United States is presumably to establish a credit for the purchase of supplies of all kinds, a comparatively small percentage of which would come under the heading of munitions of war. In other words, the money is to remain in the country, and it is not conceivable that German effort to block the loan would meet with popular approval, or that German

bankers and business men would find it to their advantage to become known as opponents of this British, or, rather, Allied credit.

It is a well-known fact that German-Americans have benefited largely through trading with England, France, and Russia, and that some of those who have been doing a lot of talking in favor of Germany have confined their patriotic efforts to noise, letting their deeds lead them into the more profitable channels of "trading with the enemy." According to Press reports during the past few days, it is intended by Germany to measure her strength in America by the success or failure of the British loan, with the idea of determining thereby whether or not it is of any value to the German cause to continue the fight for American "neutrality" as it would be defined in a German lexicon. There may be some truth in this, but it is probably only partially true. Many months ago the writer forecasted an increasingly difficult situation as existing between Germany and the United States as a result of questions arising out of the war. This forecast has been fully justified with each passing month. Germany has been developing American public sentiment in every possible direction in hopes of deriving some advantage. Delay has certainly been secured as a result of these tactics, but through the acts of the Germans themselves, and the course pursued by the German Admiralty in its conduct of the war, the net results must be most disappointing to the Teutonic Governments.

Credit must be given to German representatives in America for a boldness, liberality of expenditure, and persistence in furthering their purpose, which, if results had been possible, they would have attained. Money, brute force, intrigue, and deception have been used to their utmost power.

Tact and diplomatic skill have been wanting, as they generally have been in modern German diplomacy, but even in this direction they have been exercised sufficiently to inject confusion into the situation at times when a crisis was apparently inevitable, and thus postpone the inevitable "show-down" which must come some day if matters go on as during the past few months. When all possible means of obstruction have been exhausted, and this point has not yet been reached by any means, and German "fog producers" are no longer effective, indifference to American action may naturally succeed to the present strenuous effort to secure some American action directly or indirectly favorable to German interests.

One of the strongest hopes Germany must have for possible future success in the United States—of a negative character perhaps, but still useful—must lie in Congress, for it is possible for her to secure strong co-operation from certain members. The pro-German Congressional delegation is not large, but it does not take many members to delay or obstruct the progress of business or to inject fruitless discussion into the proceedings when public attention needs to be diverted. To utilize this force to the best advantage is undoubtedly the German purpose, and if President Wilson puts the matter of German-American relations into Congressional hands he will certainly turn the legislative halls into a bear garden.

When a further Note comes from Germany anent the sinking of the *Arabic*, as has been requested by the American Government, and Secretary Lansing returns from his holiday, we may possibly get a flash of light which will penetrate the fog "made in Germany" which now envelops the whole German-American controversy. It is many months since the *Lusitania* was

sunk, and the restless spirits of that premeditated crime are still the hundreds of innocent victims unappeased.

The Fortnightly Review.

James Davenport Whelpley.

FACTS AND QUESTIONS BEFORE US. *

The year that has passed since the last general meeting of the Academy has been an *Annus Mirabilis*, full of unexpected and terrible events. To most of us it has been also *Annus Defendus*, a year that has brought private sorrow to nearly every household as well as public sorrow to us all for the calamities in which it has involved the nation and the world. The British Academy has carried on its meetings and public lectures, making no change save one. The Council has this year proposed no foreign men of learning to be elected as Corresponding Fellows, fearing lest the judgment of their merits might be, or might possibly seem to be, influenced by the political realtions in which the country stands. No suggestion has come from any quarter that we should deprive of their position as Corresponding Fellows any subjects of those foreign States which are now at war with Britain. The same may be said of our illustrious elder sister the Royal Society. The general feeling has evidently been that the more all learned bodies are kept outside the passions of war the better for them and for the nations. When strife has ended and a period has elapsed long enough to soften the bitterness of feeling which now exists, it will be for learned bodies to try to link up the bonds of personal regard and intellectual co-operation, now unhappily severed, which have in time past served to bind the great peoples to one another.

Many will have felt, and all will

* Presidential Address delivered on June 30, 1915, to the British Academy. Some portions relating to the affairs of the Academy are omitted.

admit, the dangers that surround anyone who, influenced by strong emotions and possessing imperfect knowledge, should now commit to print his judgment of the events of the last eleven months. Every one among us must sometimes have had cause to regret, when reading them years afterwards, words which he wrote in the heat of the moment. Time modifies our judgments as it cools our passions. Neither the friendships nor the enmities of nations can last for ever.

It is better that nothing should be said to-day in an address to the Academy which any one of its members, to whatever country he may belong, would feel pain in reading ten or twenty years hence. Newspapers and pamphlets will convey to posterity sufficiently, and even more than sufficiently, the notions and fancies and passions of the moment.

What we may do, not without profit, is to note and to set down in a spirit of detachment the impressions made upon us by the events which our eyes see and watch as they pass into history. Many a pen will for centuries to come be occupied by the events of this year, and endless controversies will arise over them. It is well that whoever has gained from his studies something of an historical sense should in an historical spirit place on record from month to month the impressions he receives. The record will be almost as useful if the impressions should turn out to be erroneous as if they should be confirmed by subsequent events, because what the historian of the future will desire to know is not only what happened but what people

believed and thought at the time it was happening. That which is omitted has also its value. Fifty years hence men will be struck by the significance of things whose significance was not perceived by contemporary observers, and will seek to know why those observers failed to see or comprehend facts which will then stand out in bold relief.

So let me now try to enumerate briefly what are the facts of the present situation by which we are chiefly impressed—facts that make it novel as well as terrible.

The first fact is the immense width and range of the war. Thucydides observed that men always thought the war they were then engaged in the greatest that had ever befallen. But here we have facts which show how much the present conflict does transcend any seen in previous ages. This might have been foretold twenty years ago, assuming that Russia, Germany, and Britain were involved, seeing how vast are the possessions and claims and ambitions of all three States. Yet the reality goes far beyond every forecast. All the six great European Powers and four lesser Powers are involved. So is the whole extra-European Old World, except China and Persia and the possessions of Holland and Portugal. In the New World it is only the Dominions and Colonies of Britain that are affected—a noteworthy illustration of the severance of the Western hemisphere from the broils of the Eastern.

Secondly. There is the prodigious influence of the war upon neutral nations. This also might have been foreseen as a result of the development of world commerce and the interlockings of world finance. But here too the actual results are transcending expectation.

Thirdly. The changes in the methods and character of war have been far

more extensive than in any previous period. It took much more than two centuries from the invention of gun-powder for musketry and artillery to supersede completely archery and defensive armor. The long pike, after having been used for some twenty-five centuries at least, was still in use as late as the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and to a slight extent in the abortive rising of 1848. War, however, is now a totally different thing from what it was in the campaign of 1870-71, or even in the war between Russia and Japan of 1904. Chemistry has changed everything by increasing the range and the power of missiles, while electricity, without the wire, supplies new means of communication not only along battle lines but across hostile territory. Warfare in the air and warfare under the sea were heretofore undreamt of.

Fourthly. The cost of war is greater in proportion to the size of the armies, immensely larger as these armies are, than it ever was before. The ten belligerent European Powers are estimated to be spending now more than ten millions sterling a day. At this rate their total expenditure for twelve months could not be less than 4000 millions, and may be much more. But some competent economists put it at 5000 millions, figures which are hardly more realizable by us than are those which express the distances of the fixed stars.

Fifthly. In each nation the whole body of the people is more fully and more hotly interested in, and united by, this war than by any it ever waged before. During the eighteenth century it was in most countries only the monarch and the ruling class that knew or cared what was happening. The great European conflict that began in 1793 brought a change. But this war is far more intensely national, in the sense that it has roused the feelings of the whole of each people from

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \$10,000,000 \\
 \$5,400,000 \\
 \hline
 \$500,000,000 \text{ a day}
 \end{array}$$

top to bottom, than any preceding conflict, and it is everywhere waged with a sterner purpose. In this respect we are reminded of the citizen wars of the small city states of ancient Greece and Italy, and of the Italian Middle Ages. There certainly never was a great war less dynastic than the present.

Sixthly. Some grave moral issues have been raised more sharply than before. Is a State above morality? Does the plea of military necessity (of which it is itself the judge) entitle it to disregard the rights of other States? (*Cf.* Thucydides v. 84-113, the case of Melos.)

Seventhly. The predictions that the vast interests involved, the increasing strength of defence as opposed to attack, and the growth of a general pacific sentiment would avert strife have all proved fallacious. The wisdom of the wise, where is it now? Some twelve years ago Maurice de Bloch, in a book that made a great impression at the time, argued that the growing difficulties of conducting military operations on a very large scale would prove an effective deterrent. More recently an accomplished and persuasive English writer has shown how much more a nation has to lose by war than it can possibly gain even if victory crown its arms. Others have thought that a sense of solidarity among the workers in each industrial country would be strong enough to restrain their Governments from any but a purely defensive war. Others, again, have declared that democracies are essentially peaceful, because the mass of the people pay in their blood, other classes merely in their wealth. I do not say that these arguments are unsound, but the forces they rely upon have not proved strong enough for the occasion. For practical purposes the wisdom of the wise has been brought to naught, because the rulers of the nations have been

guided by other motives than those of pure reason.

These observations relate to the palpable facts we have witnessed. Let us turn now to some of the reflections which the facts suggest. It is not easy to express these with that cold detachment at which the historian is bound to aim; but the effort must be made.

On that reflection which rose first to our minds when the war began, and which continues to be the sombre background to every aspect it presents—upon this I will not pause. After more than forty centuries of civilization and nineteen centuries of Christianity, mankind—in this case more than half mankind—is settling its disputes in the same way as mankind did in the Stone Age. The weapons are more various and more destructive. They are the latest product of highly developed science. But the spirit and the result are the same.

There has never been a time in which communications were so easy, and the means for discovering and circulating information so abundant. Yet how little is now certainly known as to the real causes which have brought about the war! The beliefs current among different peoples are altogether different, not to say contradictory. Some are almost demonstrably false. Even in some neutral nations such as Holland, Switzerland, and Spain, opinion is sharply divided not merely about the rights but also about the facts. The whole German people seem to hold just as implicitly that this is for them a defensive war as the French hold the opposite; and however clear certain points may appear to us in Britain, there are others which may remain obscure for many years to come.

How few are the persons in every State in whose hands lie the issues of war and peace! In some of the now belligerent countries the final and vital decisions were taken by four or five

persons only, in others by six or seven only. Even in Britain decision rested practically with less than twenty-five; for though some few persons outside the Cabinet took a part, not all within the Cabinet are to be reckoned as effective factors. It is of course true that popular sentiment has to be considered, even in States more or less despotically governed. Against a strong and definite sentiment of the masses the ruling few would not venture to act. But the masses are virtually led by a few, and their opinion is formed, particularly at a crisis, by the authority and the appeals of those few whom they have been accustomed to trust or to obey. And after all, the vital decision at the vital moment remains with the few. If they had decided otherwise than they did, the thing would not have happened. Something like it might have happened later, but the war would not have come then and so.

How swiftly do vast events move, how quickly are vast decisions taken! In the twelve fatal days from July 23 to August 4 there was no time for reflection. Telegrams between seven capitals flew hither and thither like swift arrows crossing one another, and it would have needed a mind of more than human amplitude and energy to grasp and correlate all the issues involved and to foresee the results that would follow the various lines of action possible in a game so complicated. Even the intellect of a Cæsar or a Bonaparte would have been unequal to the task. Here the telegraph has worked for evil. Had the communications passed by written despatches, as they would have done eighty years ago, it is probable that war might have been avoided.

Sometimes one feels as if modern States were growing too huge for the men to whom their fortunes are committed. Mankind increases in volume,

and in accumulated knowledge, and in a comprehension of the forces of nature; but the intellects of individual men do not grow. The power of grasping and judging in their entirety the far greater mass of facts to be dealt with, the far more abundant resources at command, the far vaster issues involving the weal or woe of masses of men—this power does not expand. The disproportion between the individual ruling men with their personal prejudices and proclivities, their selfish interests and their vanities, and the immeasurable consequences which follow their individual volitions, becomes more striking and more tragic. There were some advantages in the small city states of antiquity. A single city might decline or perish but the nation remained, and another city blossomed forth to replace that which had withered away. But now enormous nations are concentrated under one Government, and its disasters affect the whole. A great modern State is like a gigantic vessel built without any watertight compartments, which, if it be unskillfully steered, may perish when it strikes a single rock.

How ignorant modern peoples, with all the abundant means of information at their disposal, may nevertheless remain of one another's character and purposes! Each of the nations now at war has evidently had a false notion of its adversaries and has been thereby misled. It has not known their inner thoughts, it has misread their policy. It was said in the days of the American Civil War that the misconception by the Southern States of the Northern States, and their belief that the North cared for nothing but the dollar, was the real cause why their differences were not peaceably settled, and yet they were both members of the same Republic and spoke the same language. European nations cannot be expected to have quite so in-

timate a knowledge each of the other, yet both their commercial intercourse and the activity of the press and the immensely increased volume of private travel might have been expected to enable them better to gauge and judge one another's minds.

Historians as far back as Thucydides have made upon the behavior of nations in war time many general observations, which have been brought out in stronger light by what passes from day to day before us. A few of these I will mention to suggest how we may turn to account the illustrations which Europe now furnishes.

When danger threatens a nation its habits change. Defence becomes the supreme need. In place of the ordinary machinery of government there starts up a dictatorship like that of early Rome, when twenty-four lictors surrounded the magistrate, and the tribunician veto, with the right of appeal, sank away. The plea of public interest overrides everything. The suspension of constitutional guarantees is acquiesced in, and acts of arbitrary power, even if violent, are welcomed because taken as signs of strength in the ruler. Even the withholding of information is submitted to. The voice of criticism is silenced. *Cedit toga armis*. The soldier comes to the front, speaks with an authority greater than that of the civilian statesman, is permitted to do whatever he declares to be necessary for the nation's safety. So long as that is secured, everything else is pardoned, and success gives enormous prestige.

Whoever watches these things must see how dangerous to freedom is war, except in those communities where long tradition has rooted constitutional habit very deep. In old Greece seditions opened the way to the Tyrant. Napoleon supposed that the Duke of Wellington would, after Waterloo, have made himself master of England.

So might a victor of another quality have done who had achieved such a triumph as Wellington's, had not an ancient monarchy and Parliament stood in his way. War is the bane of democracies. If it be civil war, he who restores peace is acclaimed like Augustus. Even a Louis Napoleon may be welcomed when he promises security for property. If it be foreign war, the man of the sword on horseback towers over the man on foot who can only talk and administer.

So, too, those psychological phenomena which former observers have noticed when a country is swept by war or revolution have become vividly real to Europe now. The same passion seizes on every one simultaneously and grows hotter in each by the sense that others share it. It is said that when sheep, feeding unherded on a mountain, see the approach of a danger they all huddle together, the rams on the outside facing the foe. The flock becomes one, with one mind, one fear, one rage of fear. So in times of danger a human community feels and acts like one man. The nation realizes itself so vividly that it becomes a law to itself and reck little of the opinion of others. The man is lost in the crowd, and the crowd feels rather than thinks. Passion intensified supersedes the ordinary exercise not only of individual will but even of individual reason. Fear and anger breed suspicion and credulity. Every one is ready to believe the worst of whoever is suspected. What is called the power of suggestion rises to such a height that to denounce a man is virtually to condemn him. Lavoisier is sentenced to be guillotined; he pleads that he is a harmless chemist, but is told that the Republic does not need chemists. After the death of Julius Cæsar, Cinna, the poet, is seized, and, when he protests that he is not Cinna the conspirator, is nevertheless killed for his

name, the bystander (in Shakespeare) adding, "Kill him for his bad verses." A foreign name is taken to be evidence that its bearer is a spy. There is no tolerance for difference of opinion, and to advance arguments against the reigning sentiment is treason. Any tribute to the character or even to the intellectual gifts of an enemy is resented. Sentiments of humanity towards him are disapproved, unless the precaution is taken for expressing these in the exact words of Holy Scripture. The rising flame of hatred involves not merely the Government and armies of the enemy, but even the innocent citizens of the hostile country. These well-known phenomena are all more or less visible in Europe to-day, though in our own country the coolness of our temperament and the fact that no invader has trodden our soil have been presenting them in a comparatively mild type.

The intensification of emotions includes those of a religious kind, and these not always in their purest form. In most countries, it is only the most enlightened minds that can refrain from claiming the Deity as their peculiar protector and taking every victory as a mark of His special favor. Modern man seems at such moments to have reverted to those primitive ages when each tribe fought for its own god and expected its own god to fight for it, as Moab called on Chemosh and Tyre on Melkarth. True it is that a nation now usually argues that Divine protection will be extended to it because its cause is just. But as this is announced by every nation alike, the result is much the same now as it was in the days of Chemosh and Melkarth. Oddly enough, the people in whom fanaticism used to be strongest are now responding more feebly than ever before to the appeal of the Jihád. Is it because the Turkish Mussulmans have infidel Powers for allies as well

as for enemies that this war seems to them less holy than those of the centuries in which their conquests were won?

Upon other symptoms indicating a return to the conditions of warfare in earlier ages I forbear (for a reason already given) to comment. It is more pleasant to note that some of the virtues which war evokes have never been seen to more advantage. Man has not under civilization degenerated in body or in will power. The valor and self-sacrifice shown by the soldiers of all the nations have been as conspicuous as ever before. The line of heroes that extends from Thermopylæ to Lucknow might welcome as brothers the warriors of to-day; while among those at home who have been suffering the loss of sons and brothers dearer to them than life itself, there has been a dignity of patience and silent resignation worthy of Roman stoics or Christian saints.

In these and other similar ways we see many a feature of human character, many a phase of political or religious life recorded by historians, verified by present experience. We can better understand what nations become at moments of extreme peril and supreme effort; and those of us who occupy ourselves with history find it profitable to note the Present for the illumination of the Past.

But the Future makes a wider appeal. Everyone feels that after the war we shall see a different world, but no one can foretell what sort of a world it will be. We all have our fancies, but we know them to be no more than fancies, for the possibilities are incalculable. Nevertheless, it is worth while for each of us to set down what are the questions as to the future which most occupy the public mind and his own mind.

Will the effect of this war be to inflame or to damp down the military

spirit? Some there are who believe that the example of those States which had made vast preparations for war will be henceforth followed by all States, so far as their resources permit, and that everywhere armies will be larger, navies larger, artillery accumulated on a larger scale, so that whatever peace may come will be only a respite and breathing time, to be followed by further conflicts till the predominance of one State or one race is established. Other observers of a more sanguine temper conceive that the outraged sentiment of mankind will compel the rulers of nations to find some means of averting war in the future more effective than diplomacy has proved. Each view is held by men of wide knowledge and solid judgment, and for each strong arguments can be adduced.

The effects which the war will have on the government and politics of the contending countries are equally obscure, though everyone admits they are sure to be far-reaching. Those who talk of politics as a science may well pause when they reflect how little the experience of the past enables us to forecast the future of government, let us say in Germany or in Russia, on the hypothesis either of victory or of defeat for one or other Power.

Economics approaches more nearly to the character of a science than does any other department of inquiry in the human as opposed to the physical subjects. Yet the economic problems before us are scarcely less dark than the political. How long will it take the great countries to repair the losses they are now suffering? The destruction of capital has been greater during these last eleven months than ever before in so short a period, and it goes on with increasing rapidity. It took nearly two centuries for Germany to recover from the devastations of the Thirty Years' War, and nearly forty

years from the end of the Civil War had elapsed before the wealth of the Southern States of America had come back to the figures of 1860. One may expect recovery to be much swifter in our days, but the extinction of millions of productive brains and hands cannot fail to retard the process, and each of the trading countries will suffer by the impoverishment of the others.

This suggests the gravest of all the questions that confront us. How will population be affected in quantity and in quality? The birth-rate had before 1914 been falling in Germany and Britain: it had already so fallen in France as only to equal the death-rate. Will the withdrawal of those slain or disabled in war quicken it? and how long will it take to restore the productive industrial capacity of each country? More than half the students and younger teachers in some of our Universities have gone to fight abroad: and many of these will never return. Who can estimate what is being lost to literature and learning and science, from the deaths of those whose strong and cultivated intelligence might have made great discoveries or added to the store of the world's thought? Those who are now perishing belong to the most healthy and vigorous part of the population, from whom the strongest progeny might have been expected. Will the physical and mental energy of the generation that will come to manhood thirty or forty years hence show a decline? The data for a forecast are scanty, for in no previous war has the loss of life been so great over Europe as a whole, even in proportion to a population very much larger than it was a century ago. It is said, I know not with how much truth, that the stature and physical strength of the population of France took long to recover from the losses of the wars that lasted from 1793 till 1814. Niebuhr

thought that the population of the Roman Empire never recovered from the great plague of the second century A.D.; but where it is disease that reduces a people it is the weaker who die, while in war it is the stronger. Our friends of the Eugenics Society are uneasy at the prospect for the belligerent nations. Some of them are trying to console themselves by dwelling on the excellent moral effects that may spring out of the stimulation which war gives to the human spirit. What the race loses in body it may—so they hope—regain in soul. This is a highly speculative anticipation, on which history casts no certain light. As to the exaltation of character which war service produces in those who fight from noble motives, inspired by faith in the justice of their cause, there can be no doubt. We see it to-day as it has often been seen before. But how far does this affect the non-combatant part of each people? and how long does the exaltation last? The instance nearest to our own time, and an instance which is in so far typical that the bulk of the combatants on both sides were animated by a true patriotic spirit, is the instance of the American War of Secession. It was

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felt at the time to be almost a moral rebirth of the nation. I must not venture here and now to inquire how far the hopes then expressed were verified by the result: for such an inquiry would detain you too long.

These are some of the questions which it may be interesting to set down as rising in our minds now, in order that the next generation may the better realize what were the thoughts and anxieties of those who sought, *sine ira, metu, studio*, to comprehend the larger issues of this fateful time. It is too soon to hope to solve the problems that are crowding upon us. But we can at least try to see clearly what the problems are, and to distinguish between the permanent and the temporary, the moral and the material causes that have plunged mankind in this abyss of calamity: and we can ask one another what are the forces that may help to deliver it therefrom. This is a time for raising questions, not for attempting to answer them. Before some of them can be answered, most of us who are met here to-day will have followed across the deep River of Forgetfulness those who are now giving their lives that Britain may live.

Bryce.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER XIX.

The boat train was late. Sir James Wendover marched up and down the platform, ignoring the collection of people, chiefly women, who also awaited the arrival of relatives from abroad.

The air was raw, even for the end of October, and Sir James was not altogether sorry that he had permitted his wife to persuade him into wearing his thickest overcoat, though he was reluctant to begin it so early—it

seemed to lengthen the winter, and he was growing to dread the English winter a little more every year. Perhaps he moved with rather less ease, perhaps his back was a trifle less straight than when he had seen his granddaughter, Caroline Gordon, off to India, twelve months ago; and sometimes he felt angrily doubtful if he would be able to keep up his walks before breakfast very much longer, though he did not intend to give in be-

fore he was actually compelled to do so.

It had been a trying year; first, an unusually severe winter, with influenza laying everybody low; he and his wife had not escaped, and many old Indian friends had been swept away. Carol had been badly missed. And though the book was at last finished, no publisher had been found to produce it except at the author's own expense; and Sir James's egoism stopped short at the sum that was estimated. Then had come the little boy's death, and the bad reports of Rose's state of health; and now Rose was arriving in Carol's charge, as she was not strong enough to travel alone, and there was no knowing what the poor soul's condition might be. It was hard on Carol, as well, to have to come home so soon after her marriage. Sir James was of opinion that Severn must be a singularly long-suffering husband to agree to the separation; he rather suspected that Francis had taken advantage of his nephew's good-nature.

Here was the train at last. Sir James drew apart from the crush of the crowd and the general confusion. Rose and Caroline spied him at once—a fine old figure standing alone and self-contained in the sloping enclosure from which everyone else had scrambled simultaneously at sight of the engine. Aunt and niece, like most arrivals from India, had a rather forlorn and draggled appearance, and, in addition, Rose looked very ill, and Caroline weary and depressed. At first he hardly recognized them; and then came the search for luggage, and the delay of examination, and the noisy drive from the station through the lamp-lit, misty streets.

Caroline could hardly realize that she was back in England, and, for her, the evening passed like a dream in the familiar house, amid surroundings she had remembered all her life. Rose

went to bed at once, and later Caroline sat under the red lamp-shade, at the side of the dinner-table—Granny at one end, placid and kind and affectionate; Grandpapa at the other, a little impatient because the red-pepper pot had not been refilled, and because his plate was not quite hot, just as of old. Had she ever been away? Did John really exist? Had all the stress and misery and failure at Pahar Tal been an actual fact?

"These potatoes are very bad, or else they are not properly cooked," complained Sir James.

"Yes, I must speak to Mrs. Blake again. You remember 'Blake's,' don't you, Carol? Mrs. Blake has been ill, poor woman. I don't think she ever really got over a dreadful attack of influenza she had in the spring. And her eldest son has gone off to Canada; he was always a restless, disagreeable fellow. The other is a good boy, but stupid; so she has had a great deal to do—and she is not so young as she was, like us all."

Lady Wendover rambled on about vegetables, and how Mrs. Crosby wanted her to get weekly hampers from the country, as was Mrs. Crosby's own economical custom; but this meant not being able to choose exactly what one wanted at the moment, and hampers always seemed to be full of cabbages—more than one could get through—and so forth. . . .

Caroline sat silent and oppressed. Indeed, she remembered "Blake's" only too sorely, and she felt a vague resentment that the mention of potatoes, and a greengrocer's shop, should have power to set her heart aching with a helpless enmity against all that had happened since the winter's morning that had connected "Blake's" so sharply in her mind with Max Falconer's disastrous influence on her life. She wished, with a sort of grim humor,

that she never hear of, or see, a potato again.

"You are tired, dear Carol, I can see it, and no wonder," said Lady Wendover; "that long journey from Marseilles, and the responsibility of poor dear Rose. It was so good of you to come home with her, and so unselfish of your husband to spare you."

If they only knew! thought Caroline. But there was nothing to be gained by undeceiving them at present; perhaps later on they would have to be told, and Aunt Rose would keep the secret for as long as was practicable. She knew how matters stood, and would have done all in her power to set things straight, only that there was nothing to be done.

Caroline had confided the whole unhappy situation to Rose, with the exception of John's announcement regarding his birth; this knowledge did not affect Caroline, beyond causing her a faint feeling of curiosity; but she shrank from repeating it because she had no wish to hear John blamed, as instinctively she knew he would be blamed, for not having disclosed the fact at first. It was John's secret, and there was no necessity for anyone to know it but herself. It could make no difference to the past, which was a nightmare, nor to the future, that seemed a blank, nor to the present, that must be full of painful subterfuge.

During the next fortnight all the old friends came to see her, so interested to meet "little Carol Gordon" again as Mrs. Severn. They asked endless, amiable questions as to her Indian experiences, combined with reminiscences of their own long years in the country, and uttered laughing little remarks in Hindustani to see whether she understood. Caroline had to smile and reply, and say yes, she liked the life very much; and they were all quite convinced that she was longing to get back—except Colonel Tyson, who came

to luncheon on his way through town (between shooting visits, as he carefully explained), and declared that India was a one-horse place, though personally, of course, he had seen the very best side of it as a member of the Viceroy's staff.

Then Sir James was never tired of hearing about John's work, and his opinions on various administrative problems, and his prospects in the Service. And naturally Lady Wendover craved for little details concerning Carol's household, and her husband, and her happiness—"the sort of things," she said, "that people never think of telling one in letters, and that are really so much more interesting than the big ones."

It seemed to Caroline for the first month she was at home that nothing else was talked of from morning till night but John and Ranapore, and sometimes it became almost unbearable.

"What pay do you give your ayah?" was the sort of question Lady Wendover would ask; and one afternoon, when she and Caroline were having tea alone together by the fire in Sir James's study, she inquired the name of their khansamah.

"His name is Juman Khan," said Caroline; and there rose in her mind the vision of the old man in his blue serge coat bound with scarlet braid, and his henna-dyed beard and his spectacles, presenting his account and receiving his orders with a benevolent anxiety to assist the young memsahib in pleasing the sahib and in making him comfortable. She wondered if Juman Khan had reverted to tins, and bazaar eggs, and underfed fowls now that her supervision was withdrawn; and a wistful desire assailed her to know whether John noticed any difference in his meals, and if, even ever so little, he missed her presence? Every week he wrote her an impersonal letter, that she felt was sent for the sake

of appearances, to obviate awkward comments from her relations, and she replied to these letters in much the same strain. She was well, the weather was good or bad, she had been to a tea-party, people had come to luncheon, Aunt Rose was rather better, or not quite so well; had he seen in the newspapers that various events had occurred?—and so on.

Just now, she supposed, he had gone into camp, and was out till midday, probably with only a cup of tea to sustain him, indifferent to punctuality, unobservant of the quality of his meals, living in his riding clothes, considering nothing but reports, and disputes, and questions concerning the people of his district, with cross old Tim as his sole companion!

So far she had been spared one ordeal, the renewal of her friendship with May Jerrold, but now that was to be an additional affliction. Mr. and Mrs. William Jerrold had been away in the country on their holiday when Caroline came home from India—a much belated holiday, as May wrote to explain on hearing from the Vicarage that Mrs. Severn had arrived, partly the fault of business, but principally because William Jerrold, junior, had delayed his appearance until September. She declared that "W.J.J.," as his father called him, was really a most remarkable baby, and she was looking forward to introducing him to his "Auntie" Carol. Next week they were all returning to London, and when would Carol be able to come and spend a day?

Caroline contrived to postpone this pleasure till Mrs. Jerrold lost patience, and one day drove up to the Wendovers' house in a handsome motor, and ascended to the drawing-room, accompanied by the baby, and a scientific, superior lady-nurse in uniform.

May Jerrold looked years older; not that she had aged in the physical sense

of the term. She had no wrinkles or gray hairs, but affluence had speedily converted her into a plump, self-assured matron, and her tight, expensive clothes and elaborately-dressed hair added to her appearance of maturity. She had discarded her spectacles, and used gold lorgnettes, and actually powdered her nose, which was inclined to be pink at the tip. It gave her genuine pleasure to see Caroline again, a pleasure that was obviously enhanced by the prospect of displaying her matrimonial prosperity to the friend of her girlhood.

"My dear Carol," she cried, in concern, "how thin and ill you look! Is that India? If so, I am thankful I did not marry an Indian official!"

"I am perfectly well," replied Caroline; and added hastily, "Let me see the baby," in order to divert May's attention from herself."

An opening was effected in the folds of a fleecy shawl, a lace veil was thrown back, and the placid, slumbering countenance of "W.J.J.," encircled by a bonnet, was disclosed to Caroline's view.

"What a funny little thing!" she said involuntarily; and mother and nurse laughed at her ignorance with pitying concession.

"Why, he's a prize infant," May assured her; "and the size of most babies of four months old. Sit down here," she drew forward a low chair, "and Nurse Ethel will let you hold him. Come along, Carol! Let's see how you look with a baby in your lap! How long have you been married? I forget."

In crimson confusion Caroline permitted herself to be pushed into the chair, and took the small human bundle into her arms. The child opened lashless eyes of an indeterminate hue, stretched his limbs, and gurgled.

"There!" cried May, "he's taken to you at once! Generally he cries if he's touched by a stranger."

She dangled a bunch of charms on the end of a chain a few inches from the nose of her offspring, nodded her head, and made noises with her tongue.

"You should see him in his bath!" she said fatuously. "Willie and I always go up to the nursery. His dad is perfectly cracked about him, isn't he, Nurse Ethel?"

Nurse Ethel smiled condescending confirmation of the statement. Caroline's hold tightened about the helpless little body. A strange and immense tenderness took possession of her, a sensation that brought a lump to her throat and tears to her eyes. She kissed the soft, unconscious face, and would have restored "W.J.J." to his nurse's arms only that she found it so difficult just then to speak.

May Jerrold regarded her friend with sympathetic understanding, all her vainglory ousted for the moment by her mother feeling.

"Your turn will come one day," she said gently; and then she felt surprised and repulsed because Carol gave a hard, sudden laugh, and handed back the baby as though he had been nothing but a kitten or a doll.

Child and nurse were then dispatched to the Vicarage in the car, which was to return for Mrs. Jerrold, and May settled down intent on "a good talk" with Carol.

"Now tell me all about your husband," she demanded. "His name is John, isn't it? Do you call him Johnnie or Jack?"

"I call him John," said Caroline, feeling hysterical.

"What a difference it does make," continued May reflectively, "to have a husband who adores one, and a home of one's own. Did you have any other proposals in India before you accepted John?"

"Nothing particular," said Caroline evasively.

"How you must hate being away from him! Aren't you terrified that he will catch plague, or be bitten by a snake, or murdered by a black man, while you are not there to look after him? Of course, I don't want to criticise or interfere, but I don't think a wife ought to leave her husband under any pretext whatever, unless it's a matter of life or death to herself. Willie would be wretched if I went away without him, even for a week! You can't think how happy we are. We suit each other down to the ground."

"How nice! I am so glad," said Caroline with mechanical interest.

"Of course, you know," Mrs. Jerrold went on confidentially, "there was some little question at the time as to whether I wasn't marrying rather below my own station in life. But I say, as long as a man is well off and has the right instincts, I don't see what difference it can make. I'm sure men are too scarce, in all conscience, for one to bother about fine distinctions of that sort. It all depends on whether you love each other or not. Don't you agree with me?"

"Absolutely!" said Caroline.

"And it's so delightful to feel that one can help a man on in the world just because one happens to belong to a class just a little bit higher than his own. Willie says it has meant thousands to him already. I always make a point of being civil and nice to all the business people, and they do so appreciate being asked to meet father and mother and their friends at our dinner-parties. It has made all the difference with old Mr. Jerrold. He has behaved most handsomely to us; and, between ourselves, Willie's brothers and sisters are frantic in consequence."

Caroline laughed politely.

"I daresay you find you can do a good deal for your Mr. John—only, of

course, not quite in the same way?" Mrs. Jerrold was fishing sedulously for some indication of the Severns' domestic atmosphere.

"There is a certain amount of small entertaining to be done," was Mrs. Severn's unsatisfactory response. "It must be very nice to give big parties. I suppose you have to keep a lot of servants?"

But her endeavor to hold the conversation to Mrs. Jerrold's own affairs was not successful. May scrutinized her short-sightedly, as though she had not heard the question, and, to Caroline's consternation, she said, after a pause—

"I can't help it, Carol. I must ask you—we are such old friends—but you are not unhappy, are you?" Her tone expressed anxious, matronly concern, the attitude of the experienced married lady towards a young and perhaps misguided wife.

Caroline's spirit rose. She determined that, no matter how many lies she might be forced to tell, May Jerrold should have no inkling of the truth—that her obvious suspicions must be lulled. She exerted her will, and looked her companion in the face with every appearance of amused astonishment and candor.

"My dear May, what are you driving at? Do you want to know if I am unhappy away from John, or unhappy with him?"

"I meant altogether—in your married life——" explained Mrs. Jerrold in some confusion: "Of course, I don't want to be inquisitive, or to know anything you don't wish to tell me, but you seem so changed, and so unwilling to talk about your husband, and I thought if there was anything—any little misunderstanding—I might be able to help. You see, I am older than you, and I understand men—I should be so sorry if you weren't as happy as I am."

"It is sweet of you," said Caroline with enthusiasm, "but I assure you John and I understand each other perfectly, and I am miserable now in England. Don't you think it is quite natural that I should seem unhappy? The truth is that I can't bear to talk about him, even to you."

May rose and kissed her with tears in her eyes. "Oh, my dear, of course I know and sympathize! It is awful for you. Never mind, cheer up! He will be coming home soon, I expect, or you will be going out to him—and you must come to us in the meantime, whenever you feel you would like a little change."

Mercifully, at this juncture the clock struck, and reminded Mrs. Jerrold that she must not keep Nurse Ethel and the baby waiting too long at the Vicarage—the days were so short now.

From the drawing-room window, with relief, Caroline watched the car drive off, May Jerrold waving and kissing her hand from the interior, and then, with a long sigh, she turned and wandered wearily about the room. What a hypocrite she had been! and yet, literally, she had hardly spoken a word that was not true. She and John did understand each other perfectly; they both knew she had wrecked their married life. It was the case that she was miserable now in England—she would be miserable anywhere. It was quite true that she could hardly bear to speak of John.

As she passed a little table by the wall, in her restless progress round the room, something fell down behind it. She stooped to see what it was, and picked up a semicircular fan made of yellow fibre, one of her grandparents' Indian relics. She stood with it in her hand, noting it with a dull observation that conveyed nothing very definite to her mind, and the perfume of the grass-root from which it was

fashioned rose to her nostrils. She closed her eyes, and instantly the papered walls of the room in England, and the lace curtains, and the big windows seemed to melt away, and she was transported in spirit to the dimness of her drawing-room at Ranapore in the hot weather. She could feel the West wind blowing cool and scented through the screens of wetted "kus-kus" root; she could hear the same wind howling hot and dry outside, around the house and through the compound trees, and the cheeping of the sparrows and the cooing of the doves in the verandah, above her head swayed the heavy punkah to and fro—with monotonous regularity. . . . She was waiting for John to come back from the Court House; she remembered how he had always come to her direct, to see if she were all right, to hear what she had been doing, to be refreshed by tea and a little rest in the comparative coolness of the fragrant room before they drove together to the club.

Caroline opened her eyes and dropped the "kus-kus" fan with a smothered cry. Then she ran from the room that had become intolerable to her with its Indian reminiscences, and its silence save for the crackling of the fire, and went upstairs—presently descending ready to go out. There was nothing to hinder her, for Sir James was busy in his study, Rose was resting in her room, and Lady Wendover had not yet come in. But the cold and the growing darkness in the street increased her depression; she walked along at random, regardless of surroundings and direction, conscious only of the ache of self-reproach that racked her heart. John had loved her, simply, truly, and she had wantonly destroyed his faith, had brought him cruel disappointment that no atonement she could make would ever cancel. The

pain she felt could not undo the suffering she had caused. All her resentment, her rebellion against the just retribution that had fallen on her, the cold indifference behind which she had sought refuge, now dispersed like a treacherous mist, and left her bare and lonely, confronted by the bitter truth—that she would give anything on earth to find herself back with John on the old familiar terms. While she had the chance she had expressed no sorrow, no remorse for all that had occurred; she had let him think she did not care, for the rock of her wrongdoing had risen unscaleable between them; and now there was nothing she could do—out of her own mouth she had stood accused; the trusting, kindly John was lost to her. Angrily, hopelessly, she envied May Jerrold again—envied May her commonplace happiness, her baby, her home, and, above all, her guiltless conscience.

Suddenly she found herself in a lighted thoroughfare, amid noisy traffic, jostled by a crowd already bent on Christmas shopping, and she hesitated, blinded and bewildered for the moment. Then she knew where she was—in the Earl's Court Road—and opposite to her, brightly illuminated, displaying apples and oranges, bananas, greens and potatoes, in profusion, was "Blake's."

In her present state of mind it seemed to Caroline a malicious climax to her despair. She stood watching the little shop with deliberate self-infliction—watching Mrs. Blake, who was all alone, bending over the desk, the gas-light glinting on her still ruddy hair; and she saw the tired woman raise her head and, with a weary gesture, pass her hand across her eyes. Caroline turned back into the gloom of the side street, and slowly made her way home.

(To be concluded.)

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

XIX. THE TRIVIAL ROUND.

We have been occupying trenches, off and on, for a matter of two months, and have settled down to an unexhilarating but salutary routine. Each dawn we "stand to arms," and peer morosely over the parapet, watching the gray grass turn slowly to green, while snipers' bullets buzz over our heads. Each forenoon we cleanse our dew-rusted weapons, and build up with sandbags what the persevering Teuton has thrown down. Each afternoon we creep unostentatiously into subterranean burrows, while our respective gunners, from a safe position in the rear, indulge in what they humorously describe as "an artillery duel." The humor arises from the fact that they fire, not at one another, but at us. It is as if two big boys, having declared a vendetta, were to assuage their hatred and satisfy their honor by going out every afternoon and throwing stones at one another's little brothers. Each evening we go on sentry duty; or go out with patrols, or working parties, or ration parties. Our losses in killed and wounded are not heavy, but they are regular. We would not grudge the lives thus spent if only we could advance, even a little. But there is nothing doing. Sometimes a trench is rushed here, or recaptured there, but the net result is—stalemate.

The campaign upon which we find ourselves at present embarked offers few opportunities for brilliancy. One wonders how Napoleon would have handled it. His favorite device, we remember, was to dash rapidly about the chess-board, insert himself between two hostile armies, and defeat them severally. But how can you insert yourself between two armies when you are faced by only one army—an army

stretching from Ostend to the Alps?

One of the first elements of successful strategy is surprise. In the old days, a general of genius could outflank his foe by a forced march, or lay some ingenious trap or ambush. But how can you outflank a foe who has no flanks? How can you lay an ambush for the modern Intelligence Department, with its aeroplane reconnaissance and telephonic nervous system? Do you mass half a million men at a chosen point in the enemy's line? Straightway the enemy knows all about it, and does likewise. Each morning General Headquarters of each side finds upon its breakfast-table a concise summary of the movements of all hostile troops, the disposition of railway rolling-stock—yea, even aeroplane photographs of it all. What could Napoleon himself have done under the circumstances? One is inclined to suspect that that volcanic megalomaniac would have perished of spontaneous combustion of the brain.

However, trench life has its alleviations. There is *The Day's Work*, for instance. Each of us has his own particular "stunt," in which he takes that personal and rather egotistical pride which only increasing proficiency can bestow.

The happiest—or at least, the busiest—people just now are the "Specialists." If you are engaged in ordinary Company work, your energies are limited to keeping watch, dodging shells, and improving trenches. But if you are what is invidiously termed an "employed" man, life is full of variety.

Do you observe that young officer sitting on a ration-box at his dug-out door, with his head tied up in a bandage? That is Second Lieutenant Lochgair, whom I hoped to make better

known to you in time. He is a chieftain of high renown in his own inaccessible but extensive fastness; but out here, where every man stands on his own legs, and not his grandfather's, he is known simply as "Othello." This is due to the fact that Major Kemp once likened him to the earnest young actor of tradition, who blacked himself all over to ensure proficiency in the playing of that part. For he is above all things an enthusiast in his profession. Last night he volunteered to go out and "listen" for a suspected mine some fifty yards from the German trenches. He set out as soon as darkness fell, taking with him a biscuit-tin full of water. A circular from Headquarters—one of those circulars which no one but Othello would have treated with proper reverence—had suggested this device. The idea was that, since liquids convey sound better than air, the listener should place his tin of water on the ground, lie down beside it, immerse one ear therein, and so draw secrets from the earth. Othello failed to locate the mine, but kept his head in the biscuit-tin long enough to contract a severe attack of earache.

But he is not discouraged. At present he is meditating a design for painting himself grass-green and climbing a tree—thence to take a comprehensive and unobserved survey of the enemy's dispositions. He will do it, too, if he gets a chance!

The machine-gunners, also, contrive to chase monotony by methods of their own. Listen to Ayling, concocting his diurnal scheme of frightfulness with a colleague. Unrolled upon his knee is a large-scale map.

"I think we might touch up those cross-roads to-night," he says, laying the point of his dividers upon a spot situated some hundreds of yards in rear of the German trenches. "I expect they'll have lots of transport there about ration-time—eh?"

"Sound scheme," assents his coadjutor, a bloodthirsty stripling named Ainslie. "Got the bearings?"

"Hand me that protractor. Seventy-one, nineteen, true. That comes to"—Ayling performs a mental calculation—"almost exactly eighty-five, magnetic. We'll go out about nine, with two guns, to the corner of this dry ditch here—the range is two thousand five hundred, exactly!"—

"Our lightning calculator!" murmurs his admiring colleague. "No elastic up the sleeve, or anything! All done by simple ledger-de-mang? Proceed!"

"And loose off a belt or two. What say?"

"Application forwarded, and strongly recommended," announced Ainslie. He examined the map. "Cross-roads—eh? That means at least one estaminet. One estaminet, with Bosches inside, complete! Think of our little bullets all popping in through the open door, five hundred a minute! Think of the rush to crawl under the counter! It might be a Headquarters? We might get Von Kluck or Rupy of Bavaria, splitting a half litre together. We shall earn Military Crosses over this, my boy," concluded the imaginative youth. "Wow, wow!"

"The worst of indirect fire," mused the less gifted Ayling, "is that you never can tell whether you have hit your target or not. In fact, you can't even tell whether there was a target there to hit.

"Never mind; we'll chance it," replied Ainslie. "And if the Bosche artillery suddenly wakes up and begins retaliating on the wrong spot with whizz-bangs—well, we shall know we've tickled up *somebody*, anyhow! Nine o'clock, you say?"

Here, again, is a bombing party, prepared to steal out under cover of night. They are in charge of one Sinclair, recently promoted to Captain, supported by that hoary fire-eater, Ser-

geant Carfrae. The party numbers seven all told, the only other member thereof with whom we are personally acquainted being Lance-Corporal M'Snape, the ex-Boy Scout. Every man wears a broad canvas belt full of pockets: each pocket contains a bomb.

Sinclair briefly outlines the situation. Our fire-trench here runs round the angle of an orchard, which brings it uncomfortably close to the Germans. The Germans are quite as uncomfortable about the fact as we are—some of us are rather inclined to overlook this important feature of the case—and they have run a sap out towards the nearest point of the Orchard Trench (so our aeroplane observers report), in order to supervise our movements more closely.

"It may only be a listening-post," explains Sinclair to his bombers, "with one or two men in it. On the other hand, they may be collecting a party to rush us. There are some big shell-craters there, and they may be using one of them as a saphead. Anyhow, our orders are to go out to-night and see. If we find the sap, with any Germans in it, we are to bomb them out of it, and break up the sap as far as possible. Advance, and follow me."

The party steals out. The night is very still, and a young and inexperienced moon is making a somewhat premature appearance behind the Bosche trenches. The ground is covered with weedy grass—disappointed hay—which makes silent progress a fairly simple matter. The bombers move forward in extended order searching for the sap-head. Sinclair, in the centre, pauses occasionally to listen, and his well-drilled line pauses with him. Sergeant Carfrae crawls stertorously upon the left. Out on the right is young M'Snape, tingling.

They are half-way across now, and

the moon is marking time behind a cloud.

Suddenly there steals to the ears of M'Snape—apparently from the recesses of the earth just in front of him—a deep, hollow sound, the sound of men talking in some cavernous space. He stops dead, and signals to his companions to do likewise. Then he listens again. Yes, he can distinctly hear guttural voices, and an occasional *clink*, *clink*. The saphead has been reached, and digging operations are in progress.

A whispered order comes down the line that M'Snape is to "investigate." He wriggles forward until his progress is arrested by a stunted bush. Very stealthily he rises to his knees and peers over. As he does so, a chance star-shell bursts squarely over him, and comes sizzling officiously down almost on to his back. His head drops like a stone into the bush, but not before the ghostly magnesium flare has shown him what he came out to see—a deep shell-crater. The crater is full of Germans. They look like gray beetles in a trap, and are busy with pick and shovel, apparently "improving" the crater and connecting it with their own fire-trenches. They have no sentry out. *Dormitat Homerus.*

M'Snape worms his way back, and reports. Then, in accordance with an oft-rehearsed scheme, the bombing party forms itself into an arc of a circle at a radius of some twenty yards from the stunted bush. (Not the least of the arts of bomb-throwing is to keep out of range of your own bombs.) Every man's hand steals to his pocketed belt. Next moment Sinclair flings the first bomb. It flies fairly into the middle of the crater.

Half a dozen more go swirling after it. There is a shattering roar; a cloud of smoke; a muffled rush of feet; silence; some groans. Almost simultaneously the German trenches are in an uproar. A dozen star-shells leap

to the sky; there is a hurried outburst of rifle-fire; a machine-gun begins to patter out a stuttering malediction.

Meanwhile our friends, who have exhibited no pedantic anxiety to remain and behold the result of their labors, are lying upon their stomachs in a convenient fold in the ground, waiting patiently until such time as it shall be feasible to complete their homeward journey.

Half an hour later they do so, and roll one by one over the parapet into the trench. Casualties are slight. Private Nimmo has a bullet-wound in the calf of his leg; and Sergeant Carfrae, whom Nature does not permit to lie as flat as the others, will require some repairs to the pleats of his kilt.

"All present?" inquires Sinclair.

It is discovered that M'Snape has not returned. Anxious eyes peer over the parapet. The moon is stronger now, but it is barely possible to distinguish objects clearly for more than a few yards.

A star-shell bursts, and heads sink below the parapet. A German bullet passes overhead, with a sound exactly like the crack of a whip. Silence and comparative darkness return. The heads go up again.

"I'll give him five minutes more, and then go and look for him," says Sinclair. "Hallo!"

A small bush, growing just outside the barbed wire, rises suddenly to its feet; and, picking its way with incredible skill through the nearest opening, runs at full speed for the parapet. Next moment it tumbles over into the trench.

Willing hands extracted M'Snape from his arboreal envelope—he could probably have got home quite well without it, but once a Boy Scout, always a Boy Scout—and he made his report.

"I went back to have a look-see into the crater, sirr."

"Well?"

"It's fair blown in, sirr, and a good piece of the sap too. I tried could I find a prisoner to bring in"—our Colonel has promised a reward of fifty francs to the man who can round up a whole live Bosche—"but there were none. They had got their wounded away, I doubt."

"Never mind," says Sinclair. "Sergeant, see these men get some sleep now. Stand-to at two-thirty, as usual. I must go and pitch in a report, and I shall say you all did splendidly. Good-night!"

This morning the official Intelligence Summary of our Division—published daily and known to the unregenerate as "Comic Cuts"—announced, with solemn relish, among other items of news:—

Last night a small party bombed a suspected saphead at—here followed the exact bearings of the crater on the large-scale map. Loud groans were heard, so it is probable that the bombs took effect.

For the moment, life has nothing more to offer to our seven friends.

II.

As already noted, our enthusiasm for our own sphere of activity is not always shared by our colleagues. For instance, we in the trenches frequently find the artillery of both sides unduly obtrusive; and we are of opinion that in trench warfare artillery practice should be limited by mutual consent to twelve rounds per gun per day, fired by the gunners at the gunners. "Except, of course, when the Big Push comes." The Big Push is seldom absent from our thoughts these days.

"That," observed Captain Wagstaffe to Bobby Little, "would leave us foot-sloggers to settle our own differences. My opinion is that we should do so

with much greater satisfaction to ourselves if we weren't constantly interfered with by coal-boxes and Black Marias."

"Still, you can't blame them for loosing off their big guns," contended the fair-minded Bobby. "It must be great sport."

"They tell me it's a greatly over-rated amusement," replied Wagstaffe—"like posting an insulting letter to some one you dislike. You see, you aren't there when he opens it at breakfast next morning! The only man of them who gets any fun is the Forward Observing Officer. And he," concluded Wagstaffe in an unusual vein of pessimism, "does not live long enough to enjoy it!"

The grievances of the Infantry, however, are not limited to those supplied by the Royal Artillery. There are the machine-guns and the trench-mortars.

The machine-gunner is a more or less accepted nuisance by this time. He has his own emplacements in the line, but he never appears to use them. Instead, he adopts the peculiar expedient of removing his weapon from a snug and well-fortified position, and either taking it away somewhere behind the trenches and firing salvoes over your head (which is reprehensible), or planting it upon the parapet in your particular preserve, and firing it from there (which is criminal). Machine-gun fire always provokes retaliation.

"Why in thunder can't you keep your filthy tea-kettle in its own place, instead of bringing it here to draw fire?" inquired Mr. Cockerell, not altogether unreasonably, as Ayling and his satellites passed along the trench bearing the offending weapon, with water-jacket aboll, back to its official residence.

"It is all for your good, my little man," explained Ayling loftily. "It would never do to give away one's real gun positions. If we did, the

Bosches would sit tight and say nothing at the time, but just make a note of the occurrence. Then, one fine morning, when they *really* meant business, they would begin by dropping a Black Maria on top of each emplacement; and where would you and your platoon be then, with an attack coming on and us out of action. So long!"

But the most unpopular man in the trenches is undoubtedly the Trench Mortar Officer. His apparatus consists of what looks like a section of rain-pipe, standing on legs. Upon its up-turned muzzle is poised a bomb, having the appearance of a plum-pudding on a stick. This he discharges over the parapet into the German trenches, where it causes a comforting explosion. He then walks rapidly away.

For obvious reasons, it is not advisable to fire a trench-mortar too often—at any rate from the same place. But the whole weight of public opinion in our trench is directed against it being fired from anywhere at all. Behold the Trench Mortar Officer and his gang of pariahs creeping stealthily along in the lee of the parados, just as dawn breaks, in the section of trench occupied by No. 10 Platoon. For the moment they are unheeded, for the platoon are "standing-to," and the men are lined along the firing-step, with their backs to the conspirators.

On reaching a suitable spot, the mortar party proceed to erect their apparatus with as little ostentation as possible. But they are soon discovered. The platoon subaltern hurries up.

"Awfully sorry, old man," he says breathlessly, "but the C.O. gave particular orders that this part of the trench was on no account to be used for trench-mortar fire. You see, we are only about seventy yards from the Bosche trenches here——"

"I know," explains the T.M.O.; "that is why I came."

"But it is most important," continues the platoon commander, still quoting glibly from an entirely imaginary mandate of the C.O., "that no retaliatory shell fire should be attracted here. Most serious for the whole Brigade, if this bit of parapet got pushed over. Now, there's a topping place about ten traverses away. You can lob them over from there beautifully. Come along."

And with fair words and honeyed phrases he elbows the dispirited band to a position—for his platoon—of comparative inoffensiveness.

The Trench Mortar Officer drifts on, and presently, with the uneasy assurance of the proprietor of a punch-and-judy show who has inadvertently strayed into Park Lane, attempts once more to give his unpopular entertainment. This time his shift is even shorter, for he encounters Major Kemp—never at his sunniest in the small hours of the morning.

Field officers have no need to employ the language of diplomacy when dealing with subalterns.

"No, you *don't*, my lad!" announces the Major. "Not if I can help it! Take it away! Take your darned liver-pill out of this! Burn it! Bury it! Eat it! But not here! Creep away!"

The abashed procession complies. This time they find a section of trench in charge of a mere corporal. Here, before any one of sufficient standing can be summoned to deal with the situation, the Trench Mortar Officer seizes his opportunity, and discharges three bombs over the parapet. He then retires defiantly to his dug-out.

But it is an Ishmaelitish existence.

III.

So much for the alleviations which professional enthusiasm bestows. Now for a few alleviations proper. These

are Sleep, Food, and Literature.

Sleep is the rarest of these. We seldom get more than a few hours at a time; but it is astonishing how readily one learns to slumber in unlikely surroundings—upon damp earth, in cramped positions, amid ceaseless noise, in clothes and boots that have not been removed for days. One also acquires the priceless faculty of losing no time in dropping off.

As for food, we grumble at times, just as people at home are grumbling at the Savoy, or Lockhart's. It is the Briton's habit so to do. But in moments of repletion we are fain to confess that the organization of our commissariat is wonderful. Of course the quality of the *menu* varies, according to the immunity of the communication-trenches from shell fire, or the benevolence of the Quartermaster and the mysterious powers behind him, or the facilities for cooking offered by the time and place in which we find ourselves. No large fires are permitted: the smoke would give too good a ranging-mark to Minnie and her relatives. Still, it is surprising how quickly you can boil a canteen over a few chips. There is also for those who can afford half-a-crown, that invaluable contrivance, "Tommy's Cooker"; and occasionally we get a ration of coke. When times are bad, we live on bully, biscuit, cheese, and water, strongly impregnated with chloride of lime. The water is conveyed to us in petrol-tins—the old familiar friends, Shell and Pratt—hundreds of them. Motorists at home must be feeling the shortage. In normal times we can reckon on plenty of hot, strong tea; possibly some bread; probably an allowance of bacon and jam. And sometimes, when the ration parties arrive, mud-stained and weary, in the dead of night, and throw down their bursting sacks, our eyes feast upon such revelations as tinned butter,

condensed milk, raisins, and a consignment of that great chieftain of the ration race, The Maconochie of Maconochie. On these occasions Private Mucklewame collects his share, retires to his kennel, and has a gala-day.

Thirdly, the blessings of literature. Our letters arrive at night, with the rations. The mail of our battalion alone amounts to eight or ten mail-bags a day; from which you may gather some faint idea of the labors of our Field Post Offices. There are letters, and parcels, and newspapers. Letters we may pass over. They are featureless things, except to their recipient. Parcels have more individuality. Ours are of all shapes and sizes, and most of them are astonishingly badly tied. It is quite heartrending to behold a klitted exile endeavoring to gather up a heterogeneous mess of socks, cigarettes, chocolate, soap, shortbread, and Edinburgh rock, from the ruins of what was once a flabby and unstable parcel, but is now a few skimpy rags of brown paper, which have long escaped the control of a most inadequate piece of string—a monument of maternal lavishness and feminine economy.

Then there are the newspapers. We read them right through, beginning at the advertisements and not skipping even the leading articles. Then, when we have finished, we frequently read them right through again. They serve three purposes. They give us information as to how the War is progressing—we get none here, the rank and file, that is; they serve to pass the time; and they afford us topics for conversation. For instance, they enable us to follow and discuss the trend of home politics. And in this connection, I think it is time you were introduced to Captain Achille Petitpois. (That is not his real name, but it is as near to it as most of us are likely to get.) He is one of that most efficient body, the

Franch *liaison* officers, who act as connecting-link between the Allied Forces, and naturally is an accomplished linguist. He is an ardent admirer of British institutions, but is occasionally not a little puzzled by their complexity. So he very sensibly comes to people like Captain Wagstaffe for enlightenment, and they enlighten him.

Behold Achille—a guest in A Company's billet—drinking whisky-and-sparklet out of an aluminum mug, and discussing the news of the day.

"And your people at home," he said, "you think they are taking the War seriously?" (Achille is addicted to reading the English newspapers without discrimination.)

"So seriously," replied Wagstaffe instantly, "that it has become necessary for the Government to take steps to cheer them up."

"Comment?" inquired Achille politely.

For answer Wagstaffe picked up a three-day-old London newspaper, and read aloud an extract from the Parliamentary report. The report dealt faithfully with the latest antics of the troupe of eccentric comedians which appears, (to us), since the formation of the Coalition Government, to have taken possession of the front Opposition Bench.

"Who are these assassins—these imbeciles—these *crétins*," inquired Petitpois, "who would endanger the ship of the State?" (Achille prides himself upon his knowledge of English idiom.)

"Nobody knows!" replied Wagstaffe solemnly. "They are children of mystery. Before the War, nobody had ever heard of them. They——"

"But they should be shot!" explained that free-born Republican, Petitpois.

"Not a bit, old son! That is where you fail to grasp the subtleties of British statesmanship. I tell you there are no flies on our Cabinet!"

"Flies?"

"Yes: *mouches*, you know. The agil-

ity of our Cabinet Ministers is such that these little insects find it impossible to alight upon them."

"Your Ministers are athletes—yes," agreed Achille comprehendingly. "But the——"

"Only intellectually. What I mean is that they are a very downy collection of old gentlemen——"

Achille, murmuring something hazy about "Downing Street," nodded his head.

"—And when they came into power, they knew as well as anything that after three weeks or so the country would begin to grouse——"

"Grouse? A sporting bird?" interpolated Achille.

"Exactly. They knew that the country would soon start giving them the bird——"

"What bird? The grouse?"

"Oh, dry up, Wagger!" interposed Blaikie. "He means, Petitpois, that the Government, knowing that the electorate would begin to grow impatient if the War did not immediately take a favorable turn——"

Achille smiled.

"I see now," he said. "Proceed, Ouagstaffe, my old!"

"In other words," continued the officer so addressed, "the Government decided that if they gave the Opposition half a chance to get together, and find leaders, and consolidate their new trenches, they might turn them out."

"Bien," assented Achille. Every one was listening now, for Wagstaffe as a politician usually had something original to say.

"Well," proceeded Wagstaffe, "they saw that the great thing to do was to prevent the Opposition from making an impression on the country—from being taken too seriously, in fact. So what did they do? They said: 'Let's arrange for a comic Opposition—an Opposition *pour rire*, you know. They will make the country either laugh or

cry. Anyhow, the country will be much too busy deciding which to do to have any time to worry about us; so we shall have a splendid chance to get on with the War.' So they sent down the Strand—that's where the Variety agents foregather, I believe—what you call *entrepreneurs*, Achille—and booked this troupe, complete, for the run of the War. They did the thing in style; spared no expense; and got a comic newspaper proprietor to write the troupe up, and themselves down. The scheme worked beautifully—what you would call a *succès fou*, Achille."

"I am desolated, my good Ouagstaffe," observed Petitpois after a pregnant silence; "but I cannot believe all you say."

"I *may* be wrong," admitted Wagstaffe handsomely, "but that's my reading of the situation. At any rate, Achille, you will admit that my theory squares with the known facts of the case."

Petitpois bowed politely.

"Perhaps it is I who am wrong, my dear Ouagger. There is such a difference of point of view between your politics and ours."

The deep voice of Captain Blaikie broke in.

"If Lancashire," he said grimly, "were occupied by a German Army, as the Lille district is to-day, I fancy there would be a considerable levelling up of political points of view all round. No limelight for a comic opposition then, Achille, old son!"

IV.

Besides receiving letters, we write them. And this brings us to that mysterious and impalpable despot, the Censor.

There is not much mystery about him really. Like a good many other highly placed individuals, he deputes as much of his work as possible to

some one else—in this case that long-suffering maid-of-all-work, the company officer. Let us track Bobby Little to his dug-out, during one of those numerous periods of enforced retirement which occur between the hours of three and six, "Pip Emma"—as our friends the "buzzers" call the afternoon. On the floor of this retreat (which looks like a dog-kennel and smells like a vault) he finds a small heap of letters, deposited there for purposes of what the platoon-sergeant calls "censure." These have to be read (which is bad); licked up (which is far worse); signed on the outside by the officer, and forwarded to Headquarters. Here they are stamped with the familiar red triangle and for-

warded to the Base, where they are supposed to be scrutinized by the real Censor—i.e., the gentleman who is paid for the job—and are finally despatched to their destination.

Bobby, drawing his legs well inside the kennel, out of the way of stray shrapnel bullets, begins his task.

The heap resolves itself into three parts. First come the post-cards, which give no trouble, as their secrets are written plain for all to see. There are half a dozen or so of the British Army official issue, which are designed for the benefit of those who lack the epistolary gift—what would a woman say if you offered such things to her?—and bear upon the back the following printed statements:—

I am quite well.

I have been admitted to hospital.

I am sick

wounded

and am going on well.

and hope to be discharged soon.

I have received your

letter, dated . . .

telegram, "

parcel, "

Letter follows at first opportunity.

I have received no letter from you

lately.

for a long time.

(The gentleman who designed this post-card must have been a descendant of Sydney Smith. You remember that great man's criticism of the Books of Euclid? He preferred the Second Book, on the ground that it was more "impassioned" than the others!)

All the sender of this impassioned missive has to do is to delete such clauses as strike him as untruthful or over-demonstrative, and sign his name. He is not allowed to add any comments of his own. On this occasion, however, one indignant gentleman has pencilled the ironical phrase, "I don't think!" opposite the line which acknowledges the receipt of a parcel. Bobby lays this aside, to be returned to the sender.

Then come some French picture post-cards. Most of these present soldiers

—soldiers posing, soldiers exchanging international handgrips, soldiers grouped round a massive and *décolletée* lady in flowing robes, and declaring that *La patrie sera libre!* Underneath this last, Private Ogg has written: "Dear Lizzie,—I hope this finds you well as it leaves me so. I send you a French p.c. The writing means long live the Queen of France."

The next heap consists of letters in official-looking green envelopes. These are already sealed up, and the sender has signed the following attestation, printed on the flap: *I certify on my honor that the contents of this envelope refer to nothing but private and family matters.* Setting aside a rather bulky epistle addressed to The Editor of a popular London weekly, which advertises a circulation of over a million

copies—a singularly unsuitable recipient for correspondence of a private and family nature—Bobby turns to the third heap, and sets to work upon his daily task of detecting items of information, “which if intercepted or published might prove of value to the enemy.”

It is not a pleasant task to pry into another person's correspondence, but Bobby's scruples are considerably abated by the consciousness that on this occasion he is doing so with the writer's full knowledge. Consequently it is a clear case of *caveat scriptor*. Not that Bobby's flock show any embarrassment at the prospect of his scrutiny. Most of them write with the utmost frankness, whether they are conducting a love affair, or are involved in a domestic broil of the most personal nature. In fact, they seem rather to enjoy having an official audience. Others cheerfully avail themselves of this opportunity of conveying advice or reproof to those above them, by means of what the Royal Artillery call “indirect fire.” Private Dunshie remarks: “We have been getting no pay these three weeks, but I doubt the officer will know what has become of the money.” It is the firm conviction of every private soldier in “Ki” that all fines and deductions go straight into the pocket of the officer who levies them. Private Hogg, always an optimist, opines: “The officers should know better how to treat us now, for they all get a read of our letters.”

But, as recorded above, the outstanding feature of this correspondence is an engaging frankness. For instance, Private Cosh, who under an undemonstrative, not to say wooden, exterior evidently conceals a heart as inflammable as flannellette, is conducting single-handed no less than four parallel love affairs. One lady resides in his native Coatbridge, the second is in service in South Kensington, the third

serves in a shop in Kelvinside, and the fourth moth appears to have been attracted to this most unlikely candle during our sojourn in winter billets in Hampshire. Cosh writes to them all most ardently every week—sometimes oftener—and Bobby Little, as he ploughs wearily through repeated demands for photographs, and touching protestations of life-long affection, curses the verbose and susceptible youth with all his heart.

But this mail brings him a gleam of comfort.

So you tell me, Chrissie, writes Cosh to the lady in South Kensington, *that you are engaged to be married on a milkman. . . .*

(“Thank heaven!” murmurs Bobby piously.)

No, no, Chrissie, you need not trouble yourself. It is nothing to me.

(“He's as sick as muck!” comments Bobby.)

All I did before was in friendship's name.

(“Liar!”)

Bobby, thankfully realizing that his daily labors will be materially lightened by the withdrawal of the fickle Chrissie from the postal arena, ploughs steadily through the letters. Most of them begin in accordance with some approved formula, such as—

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I take up my pen—

It is invariably a pencil, and a blunt one at that.

Crosses are ubiquitous, and the flap of the envelope usually bears the mystic formula, S.W.A.K. This apparently means “Sealed with a kiss,” which, considering that the sealing is done not by the writer but by the Censor, seems to take a good deal for granted.

Most of the letters acknowledge the receipt of a “parcel”; many give a guarded summary of the military situation.

We are not allowed to tell you about the War, but I may say that we are now in the trenches. We are all in the pink, and not many of the boys has gotten a dose of lead-poisoning yet.

It is a pity that the names of places have to be left blank. Otherwise we should get some fine phonetic spelling. Our pronunciation is founded on no pedantic rules. Armentières is Armen-tears, Busnes is Business, Bailleul is Booloo, and Vieille Chapelle is Veal Chapel.

The chief difficulty of the writers appears to be to round off their letters gracefully. *Having no more to say, I will now draw to a close*, is the accepted formula. Private Burke, never a tactician, concludes a most ardent love-letter thus: "*Well, Kate, I will now close, as I have to write to another of the girls.*"

But to Private Mucklewame literary composition presents no difficulties. Here is a single example of his terse and masterly style:—

Dere wife, if you could make the next postal order a trifle stronger, I might get getting an egg to my tea.—Your loving husband, JAS. MUCKLEWAME, No. 74077.

But there are features of this multifarious correspondence over which one has no inclination to smile. There are references to old days; tender inquiries after bairns and weans; assurances to anxious wives and mothers that the dangers of modern warfare are merely nominal. There is an almost entire absence of boasting or lying, and very little complaining. There is a general and obvious desire to allay anxiety. We are all "fine"; we are all "in the pink." "This is a grand life."

Listen to Lance-Corporal M'Snape: *Well, mother, I got your parcel, and the things was most welcome; but you must not send any more. I seen a shilling*

stamp on the parcel: that is too much for you to afford. How many officers take the trouble to examine the stamp on their parcels?

And there is a wealth of homely sentiment and honest affection which holds up its head without shame even in the presence of the Censor. One rather pathetic screed, beginning: *Well, wife, I doubt this will be a poor letter, for I canna get one of they green envelopes to-day, but I'll try my best*—Bobby Little sealed and signed without further scrutiny.

v.

One more picture, to close the record of our trivial round.

It is a dark, moist, and most unpleasant dawn. Captain Blaikie stands leaning against a traverse in the fire-trench, superintending the return of a party from picket-duty. They file in, sleepy and dishevelled, through an archway in the parapet, on their way to dug-outs and repose. The last man in the procession is Bobby Little, who has been in charge all night.

Our line here makes a sharp bend round the corner of an orchard, and for security's sake a second trench has been cut behind, making, as it were, the cross-bar of a capital A. The apex of the A is no health resort. Brother Bosche, as already explained, is only fifty yards away, and his trench-mortars make excellent practice with the parapet. So the Orchard Trench is only occupied at night, and the alternative route, which is well constructed and comparatively safe, is used by all careful persons who desire to proceed from one arm of the A to the other.

The present party are the night picket, thankfully relinquishing their vigil round the apex.

Bobby Little remained to bid his company-commander good-morning, at the junction of the two trenches.

"Any casualties?" An invariable question at this spot.

"No, sir. We were lucky. There was a lot of sniping."

"It's a rum profession," mused Captain Blaikie, who was in a wakeful mood.

"In what way, sir?" inquired the sleepy but respectful Bobby.

"Well"—Captain Blaikie began to fill his pipe—"who takes about nine-tenths of the risk, and does practically all the hard work in the Army? The private and the subaltern—you and your picket, in fact. Now, here is the problem which has puzzled me ever since I joined the Army, and I've had nineteen years' service. The farther away you remove the British soldier from the risk of personal injury, the higher you pay him. Out here, a private of the line gets about a shilling a-day. For that he digs, saps, marches, and fights like a hero. The motor-transport driver gets six shillings a-day, no danger, and lives like a fighting cock. The Army Service Corps drive about in motors, pinch our rations, and draw princely incomes. Staff Officers are compensated for their comparative security by extra cash, and first chop at the war medals. Now—why?"

"I dare say they would sooner be here, in the trenches, with us," was Bobby's characteristic reply.

Blaikie lit his pipe—it was almost broad daylight now—and considered.

"Yes," he agreed—"perhaps. Still, my son, I can't say I have ever noticed Staff Officers crowding into the

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trenches (as they have a perfect right to do) at four o'clock in the morning. And I can't say I altogether blame them. In fact, if ever I do meet one performing such a feat, I shall say: 'There goes a sahib—and a soldier!' and I shall take off my hat to him."

"Well, get ready now," said Bobby. "Look!"

They were still standing at the trench-junction. Two figures, in the uniform of the Staff, were visible in Orchard Trench, working their way down from the apex—picking their steps amid the tumbled sandbags, and stooping low to avoid gaps in the ruined parapet. The sun was just rising behind the German trenches. One of the officers was burly and middle-aged; he did not appear to enjoy bending double. His companion was slight, fair-haired, and looked incredibly young. Once or twice he glanced over his shoulder, and smiled encouragingly at his senior.

The pair emerged through the archway into the main trench, and straightened their backs with obvious relief. The younger officer—he was a lieutenant—noticed Captain Blaikie, saluted him gravely, and turned to follow his companion.

Captain Blaikie did not take his hat off, as he had promised. Instead, he stood suddenly to attention, and saluted in return, keeping his hand uplifted until the slim, childish figure had disappeared round the corner of a traverse.

It was the Prince of Wales.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN DOCTORS: AN HISTORIC RETROSPECT.

BY DR. MELANIE LAPINSKA AND LADY MUIR MACKENZIE.

The European War has brought the question of women surgeons and doctors to the fore. The Russians have many women surgeons in the Medical Department of their Army, and, though the English R.A.M.C. and I.M.S. have not yet admitted women to their ranks, the War Office has reluctantly begun to recognize hospitals entirely officered by women doctors. Only recently they sanctioned the opening of just such a military hospital in London, the woman doctor in charge being very appropriately Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson. The Belgians and French have always been ready to accept the services of medical women for their wounded. Last September Mrs. St. Clair Stobart and Dr. Florence Stoney established a hospital for Belgian wounded in Antwerp. Driven from there by the Germans, they did fine work in Cherbourg among the French wounded. The French men doctors were so interested that they asked permission to watch these expert women surgeons at work.

The activities of medical women, both in military hospitals and elsewhere to-day, make it an interesting moment to glance backward at the history of women doctors. There are people who imagine that the woman doctor is a product of the modern feminist movement; but the student of history knows that at practically every stage of human development women studied and practised medicine. It was not until the fifteenth century that the male physicians of Europe banded themselves into a species of trade unionism, and discouraged and suppressed the medical activities of women. In the nineteenth century, however, women, in spite of determined opposition, won again the right to practise medicine.

In very early times do we, for instance, find women esteemed as medical practitioners? We can only conjecture by examining the beliefs and customs of primitive tribes found to-day in various parts of the globe. These, in fact, give us the only clue to archaic conditions no longer existing among civilized nations. Medicine is invariably combined with sorcery and religion among primitive peoples. The doctor is practically always a priest or magician, and, except where women are only regarded as beasts of burden, they act as priestess-doctors, on equal terms with the priest-doctors. It is quite a question whether the witch is not held in higher esteem than the wizard. In the Eastern Archipelago, for instance, male doctors in certain tribes wear female dress, and the woman doctors in other tribes array themselves as men. There are villages, again, where both a male and a female doctor may be found; and in other places women doctors are forbidden to marry, and form something in the nature of a sisterhood. No matter where we look, whether it be among the Indian tribes of North or South America, or among the peoples of Africa, Australia, Kamtchatka, or Cochin China, we come across women taking part in medical ceremonies. Everywhere we find "the medicine woman," or the "wise woman," held in deep reverence.

Medical art among savage and uncultured peoples does not consist entirely of magic practices; their knowledge of herbs, and even of surgery, is far from being contemptible. It is not surprising, however, to find that midwifery is the medical woman's peculiar province among unsophisticated peoples. It is not far-fetched to imagine that the ancestors of the first civilized peoples, such as the Egyptians and

Greeks, were much like our primitive brethren whose ways sociologists study to-day. Following primitive traditions, the art of medicine among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans was inextricably interwoven with religion. Priests and priestesses practised the healing art; the Delphic Pythia, for instance, gave medical consultations, her prescriptions being delivered oracularly. In those times there was no question of arguing with a physician. Only an irreverent generation such as ours dares to criticise the sages of Harley Street. In the Iliad we learn that the daughter of Augeas knew "as many remedies as the wide earth produces," and the reader cannot fail to gather that a knowledge of pharmacy and therapeutics was counted as a womanly accomplishment among the people of the heroic Greek age. In later Græco-Roman times women doctors were evidently numerous, and Pliny the Elder and Galen mention some by name. In Christian cemeteries in Asia Minor tombs of women doctors have been discovered. Medical lore written by women remains to us, notably some able fragments by one Aspasia. Then a certain Metradora wrote about the diseases of women, and the MS. still exists in Florence.

Not till the first century A.D. do we find real evidence of the existence of women doctors in Rome (*medicæ*, as distinct from *obstetricæ*). In the fourth century, Octavius Horatianus mentions two learned medical women, Victoria and Leoparda. Epitaphs of women doctors may occasionally be found among Roman remains. The tradition of Roman culture survived long in Southern Italy, and the admission of women to medical studies in the famous schools of Salerno may have been due to old usage. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the *Muliere salernitanæ* were well known for their medical lore, and their writings were con-

sidered valuable. The work entitled *De Passionibus Mulierum*, by one learned in medicine, Madame Trotte or Trotata, still survives from the eleventh century. "It shows no sign," says the historian, "of superstition and futility, and bears the mark throughout of the experienced practitioner." A license to practise medicine and surgery was given to Francesca, wife of Matteo de Romane, of Salerno, in 1321, and the document is still preserved among the archives of Naples. Similarly, we find mention of women doctors among the State papers of Venice, Florence, and Turin. Those who are interested enough to examine these papers will find that some of these medical women with charming names, such as Ghilietta, Leonetta, and Beatrice, were celebrated and held in high esteem.

Medical art was often acquired in the Middle Ages by a pupil apprenticing himself to an established practitioner. We read of doctors taking female apprentices, and a document in the archives of Marseilles, dated 1326, shows us a woman doctor with a male apprentice. This was a case of "culture while you wait," for the lady engaged to convey her art to her pupil in seven months. The Faculty of Paris grew strong, and decreed that non-academical medicine and surgery must cease. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries many women doctors appear to have transgressed the order, and sentence of excommunication was launched against them. Women doctors flourished in Germany from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, and during that period special mention is made of fifteen *medicæ*, three of whom were oculists. German Jewesses seem to have specially cultivated the art of medicine. In England we have no record of women practising medicine professionally during the feudal period. Many of the great ladies of those days

were taught surgery, and used to dress the wounds of knights who asked for succor at their castle gates. An ecclesiastical law of the time of King Edgar without doubt gave permission to English women to practise medicine. Many convents, both in England and on the Continent, had infirmaries and hospitals attached to them, and several orders of nuns specialized in the art of medicine. Saint Hildegard, Prioress of Ruprechtsburg, wrote medical treatises, and it is said she knew facts of which the doctors of those days were ignorant.

As Europe emerged from the mediæval period, women began to be rigidly excluded from the study and practice of medicine. Man's interests alone were represented in all the forms of government, and it was natural that masculine monopoly should be protected. The Universities were very hostile to women and to free lances of all kinds. Italy was an exception. In the fifteenth century women professors were found in the University of Bologna. In the eighteenth century, too, this famous university was a centre of medical training for women. When Napoleon passed through Bologna in 1802, he was so struck by the learning of one Maria dalle Donne, that he established for her a Chair of Obstetrics, which she occupied till her death in 1842.

The women of Spain have not distinguished themselves as doctors, though we must not forget that Ana de Osoris, Countess of Chinchon, introduced the "Jesuits' bark"—or quinine—into the pharmacopœia. Her husband was Viceroy of Peru, so she had occasion to come across this valuable remedy. In the same way Lady Mary Wortley Montagu introduced inoculation into England, having first seen it used in Turkey in 1716. In 1587, Donna Oliva Sabuco, a Spanish woman, published a remarkable book, *Nueva*

Filosofia de la Naturaleza del Hombre. This psycho-physiological work touches on the relation of mind and body and the influence of the passions upon health and disease, and must have been far in advance of the thoughts of the age.

Even when the medical profession was closed to them officially, French women continued to interest themselves in medical studies. The Baronne de Staël, for instance, carried her studies in dissection so far that Duvernay observed she was "la fille de France qui connaît le mieux le corps de l'homme." Mademoiselle Bihéron, born about 1730, was devoted to the study of anatomy, and reproduced with astonishing truth in colored composition various parts of the human body. Surgeon-General Sir John Pringle was so struck by her models that he said: "Madam, they give me everything but the smell!" Her scientific exactitude made her a worthy forerunner to Madame Curie. Madame Necker, mother of Madame de Staël, rendered great service to humanity by reforming the French hospitals. Before her time patients were huddled together, three and four in a bed, and all the sanitary conditions were unspeakable.

The German universities were not altogether successful in keeping women from studying medicine. For instance, Dorothea Leporin, born in 1715, attained such fame by her medical knowledge that Frederick the Great, in 1741, gave her special permission to study at the University of Halle, where she eventually took the full Doctor's degree.

Ever since the French Revolution the great tide of individual emancipation has been rising. Though the violent reaction against absolutism had a marked influence on the fortunes of women, freeing them from many bonds, it was not the direct means of opening to them the doors of the medical pro-

fession. However, writers influenced by the Revolution, such as Mary Wollstonecraft, demanded the same quality of education for boys and girls. She was almost the first English Feminist who set her thoughts on paper, and she believed that in politics, as in all other branches of human activity, women, as well as men, should be given equal rights. Saint-Simon, the French Socialist, also proved himself a true child of the Revolution. He subscribed to the doctrine that men and women had identical rights, and he and his followers held that both sexes ought to share the same power in social, political, and religious matters.

In spite of the Revolution, and of the fact that Continental countries had produced distinguished medical women in the Middle Ages, it fell to the lot of an Englishwoman, Elizabeth Blackwell, to overcome the opposition of the male universities, and thus to open the doors of modern medicine to the women of the world. At the age of eleven, Elizabeth left England for America, and there, when she was old enough, she sought admittance to various American colleges, with a view to becoming a doctor. She met with many rebuffs. She was told that a position of dependence and inferiority was assigned to women, both by nature and society, and that it would be inconvenient and immoral for a woman to study the nature and the laws of the human organism. At length a college in the State of New York received her. Her studies were conducted under difficulties. The men students were not always respectful, and she was pointed at in the streets as being a queer new being. When her friends advised her to adopt male costume she announced that what she was doing was more for other women than for herself, and that she must accomplish her task as a woman. In 1849, she passed her last examination and received her doctor's

diploma. After travelling and studying in Europe, this brave pioneer tried to practise medicine in England, but she found public opinion too hostile. In 1851, she commenced to practise in New York, but at first the men doctors refused to meet her in consultation. Finally, her serene strength of character enabled her to overcome all prejudices, and she was so much trusted and admired that she was able to found the New York Infirmary and College for Women.

In 1859, she delivered a course of lectures in England, at Marylebone Hall, and she records that her "most important listener was the bright, intelligent young lady, whose interest in the study of medicine was then aroused—Miss Elizabeth Garrett—who became the pioneer of the medical movement in England, and who, as Mrs. Garrett Anderson, lives to see the great success of her difficult and brave work." We know what a fight Dr. Garrett Anderson had to make before she could secure a doctor's degree. At length, in 1865, the Society of Apothecaries granted her a license; otherwise she would have had to depend entirely on American and foreign diplomas. The constitution of the Society of Apothecaries did not allow the exclusion of any person who had satisfied the ordinary tests, and the opponents gave way to law and not to conviction; for immediately after this one woman had obtained a license, they altered their constitution so as to exclude all women.

In 1869, the controversy about the wisdom of allowing women to take a medical degree was revived in England, when Miss Sophia Jex-Blake and her companions attempted to obtain medical degrees at Edinburgh University. Their opponents said the usual things—that they only wished to carry on intrigues with men students, and were trying a new way of getting

husbands; or, again, that the study of anatomy was inconsistent with female delicacy. To these arguments were added the complaints of professional jealousy. The men students became very hostile in Edinburgh, and pelted their women colleagues with mud upon several occasions. This is hardly surprising when grave and responsible people treated the legitimate aspirations of these women with scurrility.

English women, finding it impossible to obtain a doctor's degree in their own country, went to Switzerland, and in 1877 we find Dr. Jex-Blake receiving her degree of M.D. at Berne. The University of Zurich was the first in the Old World to open its doors to women medical students, and here, in 1865, Madame Souslova found what had been denied her in Russia—a fine medical education. She was able to return to Petrograd armed with diplomas and the full degree of M.D. She was the first fully-qualified Russian woman doctor who practised in Russia.

In every European country, as well as in America, the number of women doctors is increasing every year. The proof that the art of scientific healing is naturally and legitimately woman's work may be found in the fact that the women doctors we meet have, for the most part, those gentle, tender qualities we especially love in women.

The entrance of Indian girls into the medical profession is a very interesting study. Here we have these most fragile and ethereal beings developing into expert surgeons and doctors. The story of the Hindu doctor, Rukmabai, is well known. She refused to ratify her marriage made for her when a child. The question was argued in a Court of Law, and the English Judge said the consequence of her refusal would be imprisonment. Undaunted, she chose imprisonment, and finally came to England and took a good medi-

cal degree. One of the writers had the pleasure of staying with her in India in her perfectly equipped maternity hospital, and also has vivid recollections of another Indian hospital, presided over by a beautiful girl, Dr. Krishnabai. This fascinating little figure, clad in clinging draperies, was such a reliable surgeon that when a complicated case puzzled the men doctors in an adjoining hospital it was customary to send for Krishnabai. India ought to prove an ideal field for the activities of medical women. Imagine a population of some 150,000,000 women, the majority of whom are hidden from the sight of all men save their own husbands. Their need for women practitioners is immense. Yet here again men's professional jealousy, and their partisanship for their own sex in the world they rule, have made the conditions of medical service in India most uninviting to women. A fight for more possible conditions has been in progress for years, and now a better state of things exists. However, the whole battle has not yet been won. The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission sends out splendid doctors to the patient suffering women of India. In spite, however, of an increasing number of lay and missionary doctors, India needs many more. It ought to be the serious business of the British Government to encourage, and not discourage, the activities of women doctors in India.

The history of the Chinese and Japanese women doctors is interesting, were there space to touch upon it. No matter where we look in the great seething cauldron of the world's history, we meet to-day this question of the woman in medicine. It is more than possible that the war will have a beneficial effect on the fortunes of women doctors. Like the French Revolution, the war will destroy many artificial barriers, and if

it results in increasing the power of women as doctors, the human race must benefit. Can we not all sympathize with the soldier in one of those military hospitals in France which are officered by women, who said: "Madam, you make your hospital a home instead

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of an institution." When the humane heart of woman—which is the same as saying the humane heart of the mother—is reinforced by exact scientific knowledge and a logically trained mind, we come very near to finding the perfect human being.

CHEATING LOVEDAY.

I.

There are still in this country a few inns deserving of their honorable calling: inns where meat and beer and beds arrive at that unity of excellence which is art; and such a one may be found in the village of Tawney St. James, some fifteen miles north-west of Salisbury as the crow flies. It is called the Running Hind, and Harkness, who had been prowling for two days over the Plain, happened upon it on the third evening after his arrival at the cathedral city. One night's experience of its comforts determined him to stay. He might sigh for deserts in theory, but in practice he was a cit, and very civilized; and the barer portions of the Plain were sufficiently penitential in the month of March for such a fugitive as he. From the snug isolation of the Running Hind, tucked away in the valley of the Tawney, he could take his choice of medicines. At his door the little river, gleaming and murmuring in flood through the willows, was a pleasant, gentle antidote to trouble; and for a stronger tonic there were the great windy hills of chalk, where the sheep-bells sounded from the sheltered vales and the cloud-shadows swept in a noiseless and almost sinister procession toward the West.

He carried on his bicycle provision for halts of a night or so; but his heavier luggage still lay at Salisbury to be telegraphed for; and as electricity had not yet reached Tawney St.

James in any commercial form, on the morning after his arrival at the inn he set out to walk the three miles to Tawney Magna, at the head of the valley, where there was a postal office fully equipped. The day, happily, was fresh and clear, with a keen wind blowing at his back down the river. Last year's leaves, with which the road was thickly littered, marched briskly before him or fluttered about his feet; and in the budding trees multitudes of birds were singing. He was always susceptible of new influences, and for him a strange road was an adventure, comparable with the travels of Polo or Columbus; so that during the walk his thoughts flew abroad on pleasant excursions, returning but seldom, and then briefly, to his quarrel with Helen, which had driven him to his somewhat melodramatic flight. The things she had said, the things he might have said but did not think of till it was too late, the whole imbecile misunderstanding, assumed, for an hour, an air detached and remote. He felt vaguely that he was a Byronic and interesting figure, wandering alone with his sorrows on Salisbury Plain.

It was not yet noon when, his business finished, he started back from Tawney Magna. There are two roads along the valley, one on either bank of the river, joined by a bridge at Tawney St. James; and as Harkness had come by the right bank, he naturally returned by the left. To all

rightly-thinking persons, such an opportunity is one of the most charming to be met with in rural exploration; for one half of the landscape along the road already traversed is thus disclosed from the rear, as it were. It is like being introduced behind the scenes. Harkness, a born explorer in his small way, needed no jogging from Providence to take the new road.

This road was lined on his right hand by a continuous belt of trees, as he had observed from across the valley. Behind these trees, but generally invisible to him, rose the bastions of the downs, about whose base the road was twining. But when he had covered about a third of his journey the screen of timber was pierced by a narrow lane; and at the head of the lane a signpost bore the inscription—

CHEATING LOVEDAY $\frac{1}{2}$ M.

An allocution so delightful was not to be passed casually by. There was still an hour or more before lunch; and Harkness turned into the lane to see if Cheating Loveday lived up to its title.

For a quarter of a mile the road curved up-hill among the dark trees, already budding, around whose roots primroses and daffodils pierced the matted carpet of dead leaves. Here no wind was heard: the world was still: only a few rabbits rustled over the leaves, and in the sunlight above a few birds sang. Presently began a slight descent, the lane turned abruptly out of the timber, the brilliance of full day again dazzled the explorer; and before him the most delectable of villages lay like a blossom in a fold of the down. The lane fell into it between walls of plastered rubble, tall, uneven, mottled pink and yellow and thatched along the top, and then became a street of timbered cottages that seemed crushed and distorted beneath their vast canopies of thatch, from which rose squat chimney-pots and

cowled dormers like heavy-lidded eyes. Spring flowers filled the cottage gardens and led the eye graciously to where, within its low wall, a church stood upon rising ground and looked down through ivy-crustured windows along the street. In the latter, women in sun-bonnets and gay print frocks moved to and fro; and behind all rose the green roll of the chalk down and the pale spring sky. As a piece of color alone the picture was startling; there was about it an air of fragility, like a bubble, or a picture painted upon glass, and Harkness, as he moved forward between the colored walls, found himself stepping softly lest some harsh noise should wake him from a dream. The perfume of the flowering gardens was intoxicating. A sort of exhilaration, an enchanting consciousness of spring, awakened within him. In a place so idyllic, with a name that was a poem in itself, anything (he felt) might happen. The women in the street (he saw no men) turned to look at him as he drew near.

Half-way down the village street another lane cut it at right angles. Harkness had come to the first houses when a familiar figure in dark blue came out of this lane on his left, crossed the street, and disappeared on the other side.

"Good Lord! Helen!" cried Harkness, and, after a moment's indecision, began to run. He was not conscious at the time of any strong feeling of surprise. He did not pause to reflect how, only three days ago, Helen and he had parted (as each affirmed and doubtless believed) for ever; or how, moved by a sudden raging distaste for London and its inhabitants, he had cast himself adrift, somewhat theatrically, upon Salisbury Plain, by the prosaic medium of the 6.15 from Waterloo.

When he reached the corner, Helen had already vanished. The lane,

flanked by imposing hedgerows, curled out of sight fifty yards away, and he ran on, expecting to overtake her round the bend. But round the bend was only another short stretch of empty road. Nor was the next corner more illuminating. Harkness was already out of breath. "Confound the girl!" he cried, and stopped to listen, but there was no human sound in the lane. And from here it began to turn and double in quite a frenzied manner, as English lanes love to do when they have a free hand and open country; and when Harkness had covered several more of its convolutions without seeing anyone at all he came to a halt, panting and astonished. It was undoubtedly Helen he had seen in the village, although what she could be doing there he was unable to conceive: had she then seen him also, and actually taken to her heels to avoid his detested presence? "Oh, very well!" he muttered angrily; "I don't want to follow you! . . ." He was amazed at her turn of speed, for she never professed to be athletic, and he had always understood from hearsay that skirts were an impediment to rapid movement. Not that Helen ever wore the absurd tight cylinders then coming into fashion and ridicule: she was always sensible about some things—clothes, for example, and books, and . . . There was really quite a number of subjects on which Helen's judgment was unusually sound. It was a pity they had quarrelled . . . He found that he had started to move forward again, at a walk, toward the next corner. After all, she could not keep up such a pace for long, and he would probably find her sitting on a stile eating chocolate and prepared to make peace. (The combination of stiles and chocolate had always appealed to them both, and had, indeed, drawn them together in the beginning.) He noted, with a faint sense of sur-

prise, that he was quite prepared to make peace himself. Their quarrel, which had seemed so apocalyptic an hour before, was suddenly become remote and insignificant.

He was turning the corner when he came face to face with, not Helen, but a tall and altogether attractive young person in a pale blue sun-bonnet and a pink frock. Here at least should be a source of information, and, "Excuse me," said he, "but have you just passed a young lady in blue—dark blue?"

The girl in the pink frock had brown eyes and tangled golden hair that hung over them in a most distracting way, and she favored Harkness with a smile that, from a slow, provocative twitch of the lips, became positively dazzling.

"There are many girls in Cheating Loveday," she said, in a soft drawl that made him think of bubbling water.

"Yes, yes, I know!" said Harkness; "I could see there were. But just now I'm looking for a friend. She doesn't live here. I saw her come down this lane a few minutes ago. She's in dark blue, with one of those small hats—turbans or mutes or whatever you call 'em. Have you seen her?"

The girl did not seem even to be listening. She watched Harkness mockingly from under the tangle of her hair, and sang softly, in her captivating drawl, a slow refrain—

"Love one day flew over the Plain,
Over the Plain to Cheating . . ."

"I wish," said Harkness, a little impatiently, although it was impossible to be really irritable with a creature so charming, "I wish you would tell me if you have seen my friend."

She smiled gloriously. "There are many girls in Cheating Loveday," she said again; and with this enigmatic reply dropped him a curtsey (a thing he had never seen before out of a ball-room) and went laughing on her way.

Harkness shrugged his shoulders and

continued his own pursuit; but when he had covered fruitlessly another three or four of the apparently endless gambits of the lane he began to feel that the whole world, animate and inanimate, was involved in a vast conspiracy to annoy him. It seemed futile to advance any further. If Helen had been in the lane at all, ran she never so courageously, he must have overtaken her by this time. He therefore faced about and made for the village again at a brisk walk, with a watchful eye for any opening in the hedges through which she might have doubled back. But there were no openings: the hedges, thorny and taller than himself, were unbroken, and were patently impervious to the assault of human hands. There were no houses to be seen. Growing every minute more bewildered and irritable, wondering if, after all, he had turned back too soon, he pushed on for the village, where he was determined to make an exhaustive inquiry.

And now the improbabilities of the morning leapt to a climax. For when he arrived again at the famous corner where he had seen Helen disappear from the village street, the village street was not there! There was nothing there. Of the whole of *Cheating Loveday* there was simply no sign at all! . . .

Harkness had been so absorbed in his investigations and so certain of his whereabouts that this shattering discovery made his brain reel. He felt the very foundations of reason collapse about him. He seemed to be moving through some frightful nightmare, in which solids melted at a touch into vapor; and he descended to pinching himself violently, in the hope that he was still in bed at the *Running Hind*. It was only after an appreciable interval that he could bring himself to the obvious conclusion that he had lost his way. It seemed incredible, but

less so than the alternative supposition that he was going mad. Somewhere along that twisting lane, where he had believed himself to be hemmed in throughout by six-foot hedgerows, he must have suffered from a lapse of consciousness and taken a wrong turning. No wonder he had missed Helen! By this time she must be a mile away.

His simplest course appeared to be that of retracing his steps until he found the junction in the lane which he had overlooked; but he had conceived a superstitious disgust for that byway, and from the corner where he now stood he could see again the familiar belt of trees on whose further side ran the river and the valley roads. Moreover, as Helen was probably making her way toward the higher civilization of the valley, as represented by Tawney Magna and Tawney St. James, he stood a good chance of meeting her there.

But as he moved forward, reasoning with himself, memory and eyesight were half incredulous of reason. He had a keen eye for country, and he saw around him a landscape apparently identical with that around the missing village. His logical mind was harassed by problems of time and orientation and topography, to say nothing of the miraculous appearance of Helen in these solitudes. Unfortunately, although he had fourteen maps of Wiltshire in his luggage or at the *Running Hind*, he had for once forgotten to put one in his pocket—an unpardonable inadvertence. And when he entered the shadow of the trees once more, the acute sense of familiarity with this road struck him like a blow. Here were the same abrupt turn and gentle ascent, the same curving dip beyond . . .

Very shortly after, the lane ran out into the valley road. There was no signpost at the junction. At last he

could judge approximately where he was.

And then he saw something that effectually dashed his satisfaction. Facing him, across the road, was a brick pillar-box, and he would have sworn that such a pillar-box had stood before the lane to Cheating Loveday. He had thought it at the time an out-of-the-way-site for such an object. And that a pair of them should have been placed within a few hundred yards of each other was inconceivable.

Tired and dispirited—even, it may be, a little scared—he sat down in a helpless way by the side of the road and glared at the offending pillar. Its black, oblong mouth seemed to sneer back at him. And then, to his joy, there became audible the sound of foot-steps approaching, and he saw, walking briskly toward him from the direction of Tawney Magna, an elderly gentleman of benevolent aspect, whose felt hat and white tie proclaimed him a minister of religion, although his general garb was of the lay order.

"Thank God!" said Harkness. "Perhaps I shall get some information at last." And he rose to meet the stranger.

"Good morning, sir," said he. "Can you tell me, in the first place, in which direction I shall find the road to Cheating Loveday?"

The clergyman had smiled pleasantly in response to the salutation; but at this conclusion his eyebrows went up and he appeared considerably nonplussed. He looked very keenly at Harkness.

"I think you will have some difficulty in finding it at all," he said.

"I believe you," replied Harkness, "although I was there not half an hour ago."

This roused the old gentleman to some purpose.

"What?" he cried: "What? Is it possible . . . ?" And then, in a

sharper tone and with a gleam of the eye—"Is this a joke, sir?"

"A joke?" cried Harkness; "Lord, no! Why should it be? I only asked a simple question. I must apologize if I touched on some forbidden subject . . ."

And he was about to move on, feeling that, if he was not already mad, he very shortly would be under these accumulating mysteries, when the clergyman's face relaxed and he put out a restraining hand.

"No, no!" said he: "I see I misunderstood you. It is I who should apologize. Although really, my dear sir, if you knew how very remarkable your statement was, you would hold me excused. Only twice before . . . You say you have actually visited Cheating Loveday?"

Harkness, with some warmth, replied that that was so.

"Could you describe it to me?" the clergyman asked, adding earnestly, "This is no idle curiosity, I assure you. You interest me profoundly."

With a feeling of humoring a child, Harkness patiently narrated the events of his walk since leaving the post-office at Tawney Magna. He omitted, however, any mention of Helen. As the story proceeded the clergyman's face grew more eager, his eyes shone, and he seemed on fire with some strong emotion.

"Remarkable!" he cried, when it was over: "Most remarkable! My dear sir, I congratulate you! You are a most fortunate person! . . . Well, well! . . . Really, this is a great event! Now, tell me: did you see anyone you knew in the village? A lady, for example?"

"Why, yes, I did," said Harkness, greatly astonished. "How did you know? Has she been to see you? Have you met her?"

"To both questions," the other replied, chuckling, "the answer is in the

negative. Now did you see any men there?"

"Not one, now you speak of it."

"And you say there was a signpost—at this lane?"

"Well, it couldn't have been here," said Harkness; "although I could have sworn . . ." Perhaps you will explain. What *has* happened? Is it a local joke?"

The clergyman was smiling and rubbing his hands together in an ecstasy of pleasurable excitement. He seized Harkness by the sleeve.

"Come with me," he said. "It is only a step to the Vicarage. You can see the gable down the road there. My name," he added, "is Ledbury. I am the Vicar of Tawney Magna and Perpetual Curate of Tawney St. James."

Harkness tendered his own name and his thanks. "But," said he, "I am looking for a friend. Perhaps another time . . . ?"

Mr. Ledbury smiled and drew him toward the Vicarage.

"You will not find her," he remarked; "at least, not in the manner you expect. Come along, Mr. Harkness; I will explain it all, in so far as it is susceptible of explanation. It need not keep you long. Although indeed, on so remarkable an occasion, I am loth to let you go! Truly, Mr. Harkness, this is a red-letter day."

And so, with the Vicar chuckling and ejaculating, and Harkness too bewildered to offer any serious opposition, they came to the Vicarage gate.

II.

The Vicar's study was like a hundred other Vicars' studies. It was filled with books, the prints of the Arundel Society, photographs of cathedrals and Oxford colleges, and the smell of tobacco-smoke. The French window looked out upon the road and the river.

"Here," said Mr. Ledbury, when he

had shown Harkness into a chair and supplied him with a cigar, "Here are the latest edition of the 6-inch Ordnance Survey and a reliable local gazetteer. While you look through them for Cheating Loveday, I will procure a book which bears more nearly on your remarkable experience."

The maps of the 6-inch Ordnance Survey are among those productions that go far to reconcile one to the progress of modern science. Harkness at once identified the valley road, the Vicarage, the letter-box, the road through the trees, and the twisting lane where he had (as he still supposed) lost his way. But the lane did not bifurcate anywhere within the possible radius of his morning's adventure; there was no turning he could have missed; and, what was infinitely more disturbing, there was no village of Cheating Loveday. The name did not appear at all! His intuition, and not his reason, had been correct: he had never lost his way. He could trace his whole gambit—on a scale of six inches to the mile. As for the gazetteer, it only confirmed the evidence of the map. He sat back in his chair and stared helplessly at Mr. Ledbury, who, a book in his hand, stood before him smiling ecstatically, as pleased as a child with a toy.

"Well, Mr. Harkness . . . ?" he inquired.

"Oh, I give it up!" said Harkness; "I must have been bewitched."

"You were indeed!" the Vicar cried, adjusting his glasses. "And now, kindly listen to this. . . . I have here the second volume of Bain's 'Folklore of Wiltshire and Hampshire.' In chapter fourteen, on 'Legends of the Plain,' he writes as follows:—

"A highly remarkable and pertinacious superstition is to be found in the story of the so-called 'secret village' in the parish of Tawney Magna. The legend is undoubtedly of extreme

antiquity, although in its present form we can trace it no further back than the reign of Elizabeth—that era when so many crude beliefs were clothed in poetic guise. There is, indeed, quite an Elizabethan flavor about the story as it stands. It is to the effect that Love, flying one day across the Plain, discovered a village so beautiful that he claimed it for his own, and, as he is usually blind, rendered it invisible to all but lovers, and to them save under certain conditions. It may be remarked that this version bears on the face of it an exotic character. Love with his wings and bandage is not an English creation, but the conventional Elizabethan Cupid, akin to the Greek Eros. Be that as it may, the legend has in time become greatly elaborated (or has been engrafted on an earlier model) and possesses very circumstantial attributes. The very name and site of the village are known. It is called Cheating Loveday (a punning title) and is alleged to stand at a spot in the Tawney valley still known locally as Cheating Corner. Indeed, its local reputation is yet powerful, and people in the valley will assert seriously that it is often visited, in particular by lovers who have quarrelled. If they see each other there, it is a sure sign of coming reconciliation. An interesting feature is that to women the village appears to be inhabited only by men, while love-sick swains see none but women there. It is common thereabouts to hear lovers spoken of as “going to Cheating”; and there are several versions of a song embodying the legend.”

Mr. Ledbury ceased reading and looked curiously at Harkness, who scratched his head and looked at Mr. Ledbury.

“I give it up!” he said again. “Words are quite inadequate. . . . Frankly, Mr. Ledbury, do you believe in these things?”

“I might ask, with Pilate, What is Truth?” the Vicar replied. “What is Belief? I have no evidence of my own eyes. It is true I am a bachelor, and

moderately well on in age. . . . I have lived here for nearly fifteen years, however, and I can testify to the powerful hold this legend has upon our rustics. It is as real to them as my poor teaching. I see no harm in it, myself: the idea seems to me even a beautiful one. My Baptist colleague, who has the chapel in Tawney Magna, thinks differently. He is always endeavoring to eradicate it from his flock. . . . Furthermore, Mr. Harkness, on two previous occasions I have been told at first hand of similar experiences to your own. But yours is the first case of a man of education. . . . My predecessor here took great interest in the subject, and even wrote a small monograph on it (which I shall be happy to lend you); and he collected no fewer than five separate instances. All these instances, by the way, deal with strangers, or comparative strangers, like yourself, which in a sense makes it the more surprising. But our country people are very inarticulate and very shy of discussing their affairs. Besides, as I say, they take this for granted. . . . Oh, it is a remarkable business. . . . ! An interesting point is that all accounts agree as to the site and general appearance of the village. You described it just as I expected. As for what I believe, I can only say I do not know. No doubt one could try to explain it rationally. My Baptist friend has evolved some wonderful but very unscientific theories.”

“Well,” said Harkness, “I am not used to these things. By the by, do you know of a girl in your parish with golden hair and brown eyes and a fascinating drawl?”

“I cannot recall such a one,” said Mr. Ledbury. “It is not our coloring.”

“I met her, or thought I met her,” Harkness explained, “in that wretched, topsy-turvy lane, and when I asked her if she had seen — er — my friend

pass by, she only replied . . ."

"I know!" cried the Vicar. "There are many girls in Cheating Loveday! It is a regular formula. Someone in the story always says that. . . Upon my word, Mr. Harkness, you interest me indescribably!"

"A regular formula!" repeated Harkness blankly. "Then do you seriously mean that she was a myth?"

"I fear so."

"And Helen—my friend? I'd take my oath I saw her!"

"I'd take my oath you did nothing of the sort."

"But I tell you this girl spoke to me. . . And sang! She sang a scrap of a song—something about Love flying over the Plain."

"Did she indeed!" Mr. Ledbury cried. "This is a new item. Most interesting! Was this the song?"

Sitting down to a piano in a corner, he sang in a thin voice, to a slow, melodious refrain, the following words:—

"Love one day flew over the Plain,
Over the Plain when the lambs were
bleating,

Over the bridge by the rivers' meeting,
Over the church where the bells were
ringing,

Love came winging,

Laughing, singing:

Love flew over the Plain one day,
Over the Plain to Cheating."

"It is an old song," the Vicar said, turning to face Harkness again. "Very old. It is interesting by reason of its local references. 'The bridge by the rivers' meeting' is of course the double bridge at Tawney Magna, at the junction of the streams; and our church there has a very famous peal of bells. Also, I am inclined to think that the opening phrase in the verse is responsible for the concluding word 'Loveday' in the name of the village. Very long ago it seems to have been known simply as Cheating—which, of course, is

in a sense a pun. . . . The song is often sung by the children hereabout. But that you should hear it is quite an event—quite an event! Really, Mr. Harkness, I am profoundly indebted to you for this meeting!"

"It is the other way about," said Harkness politely; but he was not sure that he meant it. In fact, the simple old refrain had brought back to him very vividly the fruitless chase of Helen—who, it seemed, was not Helen after all. He was inclined to resent this disillusionment. It might seem absurd that Helen should follow him to Salisbury Plain on the very vague chance of meeting him there; but it was not inconceivable: Helen was capable of anything. Now, however, that theory was exploded. He could hardly extract much hope from the alleged conciliatory qualities of Cheating Loveday.

He had left his chair and was staring in an absent way out of the window. And suddenly, while he began to realize how bitterly he was disappointed, Providence—or Cheating Loveday—performed one last miracle for his benefit. For down the road came walking a small figure in blue. It was Helen—Helen, a little tired, a little muddy, a little irritable, walking along the road to Tawney Magna!

"By Jove!" cried Harkness. "Excuse me!" and rushed out of the room, through the hall and down the front steps, like a maniac.

Helen turned at his shout and the thud of his feet on the Vicar's tiled path.

"Oh, Charlie . . . !" she cried weakly. "Then it *was* you!"

"My dear girl!" said Harkness, and took her in his arms in full view of the Vicarage window, where Mr. Ledbury was standing at gaze, his face exhibiting a profound amazement that slowly changed to gratification. For he almost regarded himself as the in-

cumbent of Cheating Loveday, and it was good to find it thus justified.

"My dear girl!" said Harkness again, after an incoherent interval. "Where *have* you come from?"

"I've been chasing you about," said Helen, "all over this wretched county, and I'm so tired, and so cross . . . and so glad to see you again!"

"But did you know where I was?"

"Of course not, stupid! You didn't let me. But I found out. You're not quite as cunning as you think. . . . It was like this. After that horrid quarrel, when I saw what a beast I'd been, I just tore round to your rooms in a taxi and found you gone. Jefferies was awfully sweet but quite useless. He said you'd gone to Salisbury, as if Salisbury was somewhere up in Alaska, and that you weren't going to stop there, and that you were very low and ill and all sorts of dreadful things. So next morning I went to Salisbury too. I had a sort of feeling I'd find you somewhere. I put up at the big hotel near the station and bought a map and shut my eyes and jabbed a pencil down on various places until I hit one that would do for a start. I hit the county asylum first. . . . Then I hit on Tawney Magna, and the name seemed nice, so I hired a car and drove over with my things. That was yesterday. I'm staying at the Donkey and Buskins—isn't it a sweet name?—and they think I'm frightfully eccentric."

"You're perfectly wonderful!" said Harkness.

"I know I am. . . . Do remember where we are, Charlie! and let me get on. Where was I? . . . Oh, yes. Well, I'm all alone there, of course. I daren't bring Mary. It would be most demoralizing for a maid to know that her mistress was chasing a young man all over Salisbury Plain. . . . That's what I've been doing, Charlie: driving about, looking for you. It sounds quite

mad, doesn't it? But I had a feeling you weren't far off. Well, this morning there was something wrong with the silly car, and while the boots was tinkering at it—they've got a boots, Charlie, and his name is Wellington, and he's awfully handsome—I thought I'd walk up here to a place called Tawney Something-or-the-other. It sounded the sort of place you might stay at."

"It was too, by Jove!" cried Harkness. "Helen, you're a genius. Go on!"

"Oh, I lost my way, somehow. I'm on the wrong side of the river, aren't I? And I walked and walked until I came to a place called Cheating Loveday. . . ."

"Ye Gods!" cried Harkness. "Then it was you! Or wasn't it? . . . What time was this?"

"Oh, quite early. Hours and hours ago. Soon after breakfast. Why? Did you think you saw me? Because I thought I saw you."

"Go on. Was there a signpost?"

"Of course there was," said Helen. "It's quite near here, but I've lost it again. It's a perfectly sweet place. And I thought I saw you, and it wasn't you. That's all. Somebody exactly like you crossed the road, and I shouted and ran after him in the most shameless way. And when I got round the corner there was only a sort of shepherd person in a smock—a most awfully good-looking young man, Charlie: much better-looking than Wellington or you! But he was very silly. When I asked him if he'd seen you pass he only said. . . ."

"I bet I know what he said," Harkness interrupted. "He said, 'There are many men in Cheating Loveday!'"

"How did you know?" cried Helen. "Were you there, after all?"

"No, I wasn't there," said Harkness. "I'll explain presently. But tell me—did you see any women in the village?"

"No, I don't think I did. It was full of men, though. I should never have run after you like that if I had stopped to think of them. . . . But why?"

"Go on. What did you do then?"

"Oh, very well," said Helen. "Order me about. But that's all, really. I went on down a lane like a corkscrew, hoping I should catch you up. And then I lost my way. I walked and walked—Oh, how I've walked! I couldn't find the village again, and I couldn't see you, and I didn't meet anybody at all. I got so cross . . . and so tired. And then, a little while ago, I found myself in this road again. I haven't the least idea how I got here.

The Cornhill Magazine.

And here you are and it's all right, and I'm so thankful, Charlie. . . . But what have you been doing? What is that house?"

"The Vicarage," said Harkness. "I've taken refuge in the bosom of the Church. We'll go and cadge lunch off the Vicar."

"I'm just dying for some lunch," murmured Helen. "But I look a perfect fright."

"Oh, he won't notice anything," said Harkness ungallantly. "He's a bachelor. And he'll tell you all about your village. I don't feel capable of doing it justice."

"Oh, bother the old village!" said Helen.

Douglas G. Browne.

BEFORE MARCHING, AND AFTER.

(IN MEMORIAM: F. W. G.)

Orion swung southward aslant
Where the starved Egdon pine-trees had thinned,
The Pleiads aloft seemed to pant
With the heather that twitched in the wind;
But he looked on indifferent to sights such as these,
Unswayed by love, friendship, home joy or home sorrow,
And wondered to what he would march on the morrow.

The crazed household clock with its whirr
Rang midnight within as he stood,
He heard the low sighing of her
Who had striven from his birth for his good;
But he still only asked the spring starlight, the breeze,
What great thing or small thing his history would borrow
From that Game with Death he would play on the morrow.

When the heath wore the robe of late summer,
And the fuchsia-bells, hot in the sun,
Hung red by the door, a quick comer
Brought tidings that marching was done
For him who had joined in that game overseas
Where Death stood to win; though his memory would borrow
A brightness therefrom not to die on the morrow.

Thomas Hardy.

September, 1915.

The Fortnightly Review.

LIVING AGE VOL. LXIX. 3616

ON REALIZING THE WAR.

A tipsy soldier was arrested the other day for firing two or three rounds from his rifle in a London street. He explained that he only wanted to wake people up to the fact that a war was going on. It is a delightful idea that war consists chiefly of a series of bangs—of “a ’ell of a noise,” as the soldier says in a popular summary of the present war. There is a large section of the English Press which holds much the same view: it is obviously convinced that, if it makes its readers jump, it is enabling them to realize the war. The leader writers on papers of this kind believe in salvation through fear rather than in salvation through faith. They are the modern counterparts of the preachers of hell-fire. They preach a sort of political hell-fire. They perpetually hold their readers by the slack of their breeches over blazing gulfs of panic. Those of us who object to the abuse of these methods do not, of course, dispute the value of fear. Prophets have often done well to oppose their lean and terrifying bodies to us as we advanced along the path that leads to destruction. We may be grateful to Jeremiah for having been a Jeremiah. He was not a “dismal Jimmy” but a seer. The true Jeremiahs, however, are not alarmists of the kind who are alarmed by “everything in turns but nothing long.” They do not rail against Hell one day, against Purgatory the next, then against Heaven, and then against the Sandwich Islands. They do not invent a new chart of the seas, marked with different perils of rock and shoal, for every voyage. They attempt to discover real, and not Munchausen, dangers. They do not think it is enough to put men in a panic unless there is something to be in a panic about. Nor is

it only the religious prophets to whom we should be grateful for their warnings. Chatham and Burke spent half their lives warning their fellow-countrymen against various dangers, and, even in those cases where the warning seems to have been the result of needless fears, they spoke with the manifest voice of genuine prophets. Sydney Smith, again, in *Peter Plymley's Letters*, attempted to alarm his countrymen out of their indifference to reform at home in the Napoleonic period. “We do not appear to me,” he wrote, “to be half alarmed enough, or to entertain that sense of our danger which leads to the most obvious means of self-defence.” Sydney Smith, however, merely wished to substitute the fear of doing injustice for the fear of doing justice to Catholics and others. He was an alarmist as regards invasion; but his chief suggestion for meeting the danger was nothing more sensational than the extension of liberty at home. In order to alarm his country men into doing justice, however, he did his best to make them realize the war and to paint in his comic way the horrors of invasion. One passage in the *Letters* is interesting, not only as an invasion picture and a warning, but because of its unexpected estimate of the English character:

As for the spirit of the peasantry, in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round—cart mares shot—sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country—the minister of the parish wounded

sorely in his hinder parts—Mrs. Plymley in fits—all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over. But it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifted. . . . But, whatever was our conduct—if every ploughman was as great a hero as he was called from his oxen to save Rome from her enemies—I should still say that, at such a crisis, you want the affections of all your subjects in both islands. There is no spirit which you must alienate, no heart you must avert. Every man must feel he has a country, and that there is an urgent and pressing cause why he should expose himself to death.

There, we think, is an example of justifiable alarmism. It is a wise man's warning against the neglect of one of the first principles of national strength.

With the estimate of the English character given in the sentence "I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English" it is difficult to agree. The records of disaster by land and sea during peace time do not support it. The history of the present war does not support it. During the present war England has in a small way been invaded by Zeppelins, "the invisible worm that flies in the night." Her waters have been invaded by warships and submarines. Several of her towns have been shelled from sea and from the air, and every passenger ship—to say nothing of the others—leaves her shores at its peril. England, it may be said, has never before been threatened by so ruthless, so desperate and so inventive an enemy. And what is the result on the population? Are there any signs of a panic? So far is this from being so that people are hastening by every train to the threatened areas for their holidays. They bathe in the submarine infested

seas. They sleep peacefully under the Zeppelin-infested clouds. No one who has visited one of the areas damaged by the high explosive and incendiary bombs dropped from Zeppelins can help being amazed by the calmness of the people. Here are the horrors of war in little. Here is a pennyworth of Ypres. Here you see the hole that the bomb has made in the earth and the house that had fallen like a child's house of bricks, and you live within speaking distance of the billiard room where the young man was killed by a bomb as he was chalking his cue. But what is the result of it all? Nothing, but to increase the number of old ladies with white hair and wrinkled faces who wish an unpleasant end to the Kaiser and say "I'd like to see him roasting, the dirty tyke." We visited one of the districts which suffered during a recent Zeppelin raid, and so far from discovering any signs of panic found only some traces of bitterness and more of holiday. Holiday makers had come to it from all parts: beer was being drunk on the pavement outside the crowded public-house which is the centre of the district. Policemen stood in a row outside the railings of the almshouse gardens where two of the bombs had fallen. The brickwork of the gate was damaged: two brown gashes had been made in the lawn and a holly tree looked as though it were part of the scenery of a blasted heath. The little houses were still all standing, but the slates on the roofs of some of them were scattered like a pack of cards flung loosely on a table. Windows were smashed here and there and a wooden finial from above a porch had dived head foremost into the earth. But even within half a dozen yards of where a bomb had fallen a bed of geraniums lay fresh and scarlet and untouched. One went farther and followed a crowd up a little side street

where hawkers were already selling ugly little memorial cards. They thrust them at one. "One penny. In loveen' memory of the pore victims. Buy a mimowrial cawd!" A file of people was crowding in at the door of a working man's brick dwelling. He had suffered nothing but broken windows, but over the back wall of his garden you could see a hole where a bomb had burst among the hollyhocks and the scarlet runners, and near it a gap in a terrace where a little house had once been—a gap like the gap in a jaw after a tooth has been knocked out. The workman who owned the garden stood in his shirt sleeves and discoursed on the tragic drama of the ruined house. He declared that it had been inhabited by a family—a father, mother, and four children—who had come to the district for safety from — (naming a place that had suffered in some of the earlier air raids). They had only moved into the house, he declared, on the day before the Zeppelins had come, and a high explosive bomb had fallen on them and killed them all. It was one of those stories which make one believe in destiny. On the other hand, it was not true. At least, a woman who lived near the broken house declared that there was not a word of truth in it. She said that when the bomb fell she heard a fearful noise and thought that somebody must be trying to break in at her back door. Then she realized that the noise was something more than crowbars and hobnailed boots against a wooden door. "'It's a bomb,' says me 'usband; 'are you 'urt?' 'No,' I says to 'im, 'are you?' An' after that I got outer the 'ouse. I couldn't stand bein' in the house with the noise goin' on." She affirmed, however, that everybody in the injured house had been rescued. It struck us as a curious example of the myth-making atmosphere of war that here were two

intelligent people each living within thirty yards of a house and yet one of them positively stated that six people had been killed in it while the other declared with equal conviction that nobody had been killed at all. About a quarter of a mile away we found another couple of houses with the back walls smashed in. A stream of sightseers entered by the door of one of them, went round by the back and came out through the other house. Here, too, were tumbled bricks and the earth gored as by an angry bull. The little landlord of a place kept up a running comment as we passed through. "I'm glad to see so many of you young men in khaki," he said. "If any of you ever see the Kaiser you may 'it 'im three punches—one for yourself, and two for me." He looked a man of the fighting age himself, but he declared in a wearisome sing-song that he had two sons at the Front, with the additional observation that each of us might have to "do his bit" before the war was over. He then intoned a sort of leading article about the Germans, ending with an appeal to us not to forget the collecting box at the exit. Luckily, the inhabitants of the houses were not at home when the bombs fell, but the furniture had disappeared. Collection-plates of this kind seem to be the rule in the gardens of small houses which had been damaged or from which you could get a good view of any damage. Most of those who went in were clerks and working men and their children and a penny seemed to be the usual contribution. Outside in the streets young girls went about in the casual sun in the vanity of white shoes, and children ran after hoops and played at soldiers and got in the way of motor-bicycles.

There was almost an air of holiday over the place. Curiosity, not panic, led the long serpent of the crowd from

one point of destruction to another. In the end even curiosity waned. Destruction is so dull. To convert an ugly house into an ugly rubbish heap is not to strike either terror or wonder into the imagination. And, when the rubbish heaps are few and far between, they cease to be worth looking either for or at. We doubt whether, if a fleet of a thousand Zeppelins came and poured their filth and fire over London, it would be more than a ten days' wonder. Even if London were being bombarded by an invading army we imagine those children would still be trundling their hoops and, after the first shock, there would be far less alarm among the general population than the majority of people suppose. Nothing has been more clearly proved in the past year than that civilized

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men are not easily made to "realize the war" in the sense of getting into a frenzy about the war like leader-writers. The citizens of bombarded cities hug the broken walls of their homes till they are forcibly led away, and farmers go on ploughing their fields under skies that are raining death all about them. The imagination of the average man soon accustoms itself even to horrors, and shop-boys who were afraid of a cut finger a little more than a year ago now face death twenty times a day without shrinking. They may not like it: as one of them expressed it, "there's too much ironmongery flying about for comfort." But they do not realize the war like panic-stricken journalists. They merely realize what they have got to do, and do it.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

I.

Public opinion is very far off from the dramas of Limehouse and the Parliament Act, when fanatical believers in "progressive" anarchy prospered in their own way and loved their caricature of chaotic disorder. In those days political earthquakes were as popular as golf and picture palaces. Even pacifists gloried in the cry, "The Army *versus* The People," and were ready to fight over the Irish Question. Was it discreet of Germany to compel them to fight in a different cause? Since then the lesson of every day has been the same lesson: how to recover from an orgie of "progress" by renewing in our national life a reverence for tradition and for order and unity.

One of the earlier lessons in this conservative revival came from the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral. Hitherto only an Englishman here and there had cared a brass button for an-

cient architecture, with its petrified music and its weathered grandeur. Cathedrals were accepted as a matter of course, merely as decorative details in life's routine; and many a person wondered which was Gothic, St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. Then Rheims was bombarded, and in a twinkling the public caught a glimpse of the truth, that a mighty and magnificent church had never been a mere social truism staled by custom and convention; that it existed always as a living and a sacred conservatism inspired by deathless hopes and murmurous with all the prayers of Christianity.

Soon afterwards another similar lesson penetrated gradually into the people's mind. Democrats began to say that three "reactionary" institutions—Oxford, Cambridge, and the House of Lords—though "utterly unmodern," "entirely undemocratic," "mere relics of feudalism and of other horrible old

sins," were setting the public a great example, yet making no fuss over their doings. Not one of these institutions had a big drum; their good work seemed to be as natural to their members as were talking and eating. Even extreme democrats were puzzled, and then amazed by these "obsolete institutions." Oxford colleges were almost empty, and Cambridge also was soldiering. Why? Had they not declined to be "progressive"? The spirit of democratic fervor had assailed them a great many times in vain. Not a navy in corduroy—nor in any other attire—had ever attended their lectures; and what Welsh miner had played in their football teams? Very firmly they had asked every stampeding critic to rise to their level, instead of talking nonsense about levelling downwards. Why, then, during a time of danger, did they set the people a good example? No wonder extreme democrats were astounded—and even a little annoyed.

More wonderful still to these critics was the fact that the House of Lords, though "a shocking anachronism," was proving itself to be a quiet leader, modest and thorough in self-denial. Tommy Atkins was devoted to peers and their sons, finding them "cheery bits of all right in warm corners," and "no stuck-up rot about 'em." Little by little reasonable persons thought over their past conduct to the House of Lords, and found nothing to excuse the Parliament Act and its evil results, which had made Nationalist Ireland the ruler of the British Empire while Germany was preparing for another aggressive war. Even then the House of Lords, through Lord Roberts and other vigilants, tried to set up a bulwark of common sense against the fool-fury of disruptive politics. Mr. F. S. Oliver says: "It is not a little remarkable that in 1912—indeed, from 1905 to 1914—Lord Roberts, who, according to the 'Na-

tion,' possessed but 'an average Tory intellect,' should have trusted the people, while a democratic Government could not bring itself to do so. The Cabinet, which knew the full measure of the danger, concealed it out of a mistaken notion of policy." And why? Just because the Parliament Act had fettered the Cabinet by crippling the Upper House, by robbing the Constitution of its hereditary check on tempestuous law-making. Fanatics of every sort and condition rallied to help one another, forming coalitions; and even the Unionists were divided, split into groups over half a dozen important questions. In those bad days the House of Commons was a national peril and the House of Lords a half-throttled patriot.

This fact is recognized to-day by most people. Febrilists, of course, are loyal to their spates of emotional cant; but the noise they make has lost quite four-fifths of its old political influence. No reflective politician in England and Scotland would give his vote now to the Parliament Act, because the war has proved that our democracy shows its wisdom only in long after-thoughts. What it will need after the war more than anything else will be the old-time House of Lords, free to send adventurous Bills to be accepted or rejected by the electorate. The idea of an elective Second House is no longer attractive even in principle, for those who plead for votes are suppliants; very rarely do they try to lead, and very seldom do they tell unpleasant truths. Besides, the finest harmonies are always made up of contrasts. The House of Lords, restored to its former prestige and utility, could never dominate the House of Commons; it could do no more than act as a necessary check on runaway legislation; whereas an elective Second Chamber could—and very probably would—compete publicly against the people's House. Human

nature influenced by the same conditions acts everywhere in pretty much the same manner; and France and our own country have learnt during the last few years that when paid politicians are added to vote-catching the most urgent national dangers may be hidden from the people. For these and other reasons the old prejudice against "hereditary legislators" has waned into insignificance. Only fanatics cling to it still.

II.

In this Renaissance of the House of Lords other things also have been active, notably the courage shown in the battle-lines by many of its members. Last June it was suggested in the House that their lordships ought to publish a roll both of peers and of sons of peers "who have served or are serving in the Army and Navy during the present war"; but this proposal was rejected, and with good reasons too. National service in war is not a thing to brag about, for it is a natural duty, like filial and parental love. To make a fuss over it publicly is to demean its necessary virtues. That a shop should parade its "Roll of Honor" may be pardonable in a time of commercial self-advertisement; but it tends to humiliate a nation's dignity. Courage is so common to-day that the only conspicuous persons are those who seem to need in themselves its good company. Besides, the only persons who have a right to compile for publication a Roll of Honor are grateful stay-at-homes who have nothing to gain personally from their work, and who feel daily and hourly their dependence on lost lives and on gallant soldiers and sailors. Thus, for example, Mr. L. J. Maxse has nothing personal to gain from his published records of the peerage and the war.¹ Here are social documents which help us all to

understand why the House of Lords has passed in public opinion through a great renaissance. It would be an insult to praise their loyal patriotism, as if knightliness and the peerage were infrequent companions, like chivalry and trade bargaining, or like discretion and trade unionism. The spirit of Agincourt has never been absent from the House of Lords nor from any body of men disciplined by a lineal heritage of great traditions.

But there are points in Mr. Maxse's records that touch the heart and enlarge one's life, points so far off from the circle of a mean egoism that they should stir the just pride and move the aspiration of our country. They prove that Tyrtæus never dies, but finds a new birth in all great wars, where from noble deeds he gives men heart to die for their native land. Two years ago there was much frothy and fretful talk about "the curled darlings of the aristocracy," and "the gilded wastrels who look down upon a great and free people." It was the insane talk of a democracy in spate. To-day we are able to compare these "gilded wastrels," these "curled darlings" with our anarchic Welsh miners and with the most recent batch of truths that Mr. Lloyd George has told the world about the crass egoism of much organized Labor. No fewer than 288 heirs to peerages have served or are serving now with His Majesty's Forces, and no fewer than thirty-one have been killed and twenty-four wounded. How different is this patriotism from the temper of many trade unionists! Says Mr. Lloyd George: "If the attitude of the Woolwich engineers is to be adhered to, we are making straight for disaster. The Government might just as well abandon their programme, the programme which is essential to victory." To-day Mr. Lloyd George tries to save organized Labor from its aggressive pride;

¹ "National Review," August and September 1915.

whereas "the old-fashioned classes," the sometime hated peers and county families, do quietly what their forefathers have ever done; they make distant traditions near and the great past present.

III.

A hundred and eighty-seven members of the House of Lords have been, or are, serving with His Majesty's Forces: and to these must be added twenty-nine other peers, not members of the House—four Scotch nobles and five-and-twenty Irish. As for the sons of peers, at present the known number is 434. Then there are sons of former peers or brothers of present peers. Of these there are 344. Directly and indirectly, the House of Lords and its families have contributed to the King's Forces no fewer than 994 officers. Four peers have been killed (Lord Bra-bourne, Lieut., Grenadier Guards; Lord Congleton, Lieut., 2nd Batt. Grenadier Guards; the Earl of Annesley, Royal Flying Corps; and Viscount Hawarden, Lieut., Coldstream Guards). Nine peers have been wounded, and thirteen are found mentioned in despatches. Peers' sons: forty-nine killed and forty-two wounded. Sons of former peers or brothers of present peers: seventeen killed and thirty-three wounded. Altogether, then, of the 994 aristocrats who have taken part in the war no fewer than seventy have been killed and eighty-four wounded.

Last of all, it is not too much to say that those spiritual qualities in our national life which ought to pull us safely through this war are all of them as old as our national history, whereas those other spiritual qualities which may bring us near to defeat—those qualities which produce strikes, pro-Germans, noisy pacifists, and other evils—are all of them of recent de-

scent and entirely democratic. Connect these facts with the Renaissance of the House of Lords, and ponder them carefully. They mean so much that a book could be written—and should be written—about them. What France has learnt rapidly and completely our slower nation is learning little by little and with reluctance: it is the precious and permanent lesson that the social concord and unity demanded by the needs of war cannot go hand in hand with democratic egoism and self-assertion. M. Gustave Hervé—a sometime firebrand in the cause of extreme Laboritis—writing to-day as a repentant man and a good soldier, sends criticisms to his former comrades in the British Isles. "The International Labor Party is dead," he says; "it is sheer bluff to talk of this Party, which was unable to prevent the war, as being able to do anything to stop it. I do not know where our English comrades have found an excuse for their bleating Socialism." And our soldiers and sailors also are troubled by the same question, for they have ceased to be mere democrats: they belong to all the ages of disciplined valor in British history, and are thus far off from the mushroom-growth called "modernized freedom," or—in Mr. Lloyd George's ironic words—"slouching into disaster along the ordinary paths of peace." What the country now awaits after the political revival of the House of Lords is a willing acceptance of national discipline by the public generally. Will they put forth their full strength before it is too late? "We are the State" is the unity of public safety that war demands from every people who is free to do the right thing for the common good. Anything less falsifies the ideal of nationhood and endangers the State.

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN PACIFISM.

The negotiations for the Anglo-French loan in the United States have drawn forth a protest from an American of some note. Mr. Henry Ford is the manufacturer of the motor car that bears his name. Beginning life as a country boy with no capital, an inventive genius, and a business-like imagination, he was one of the first to foresee the growth of the motor industry. He realized the idea that the car ought not to be the luxury of the rich, but an indispensable part of the life of the average man. That idea has brought him, while still in the early fifties, an enormous fortune. His factory at Detroit turns out a complete car every forty seconds of its working time, and, as an example of industrial organization, is probably unsurpassed the world over. But Mr. Ford has aspirations that are not satisfied with a turnover of £20,000,000 and a net profit of £4,000,000 a year. Some twenty months ago he introduced into his works a profit-sharing scheme on a scale hitherto undreamed of. It involved a distribution of about 50 per cent of the earnings, that is, of nearly £2,000,000 a year, among the employees, running the factory on eight-hour shifts for twenty-four hours a day, and the payment of a minimum wage of £1 for every eight hours' work to all employees over twenty-two. Since the war and the vast amount of discussion it has stirred up in the United States, Mr. Ford has developed strong pacifist views. Only last month he came out as a vehement opponent of the policy of increasing the American Army, renewing and modernizing the Navy, and the sale of munitions to the belligerent nations. He publicly branded all manufacturers and vendors of armaments as hypocrites, seeking to make money out of the slaughter of their

fellow-men. To the Anglo-French loan he has offered, as one might expect, a determined opposition. He threatened to close his personal and business accounts with any bank that participated in the loan, not merely because he thinks the security bad—in his view, it is a gamble on the chances of an Allied victory—but because the whole transaction encourages militarism, and "connects the American people with the war." The best thing that could happen, in Mr. Ford's opinion, would be for the European nations to go bankrupt. They would then, he thinks, be forced to stop fighting.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that Mr. Ford's views are peculiar to himself. They are shared, on the contrary, by large numbers of his countrymen. Many an American manufacturer has refused war orders on grounds of principle, and the debate that has ranged from Maine to California over the question of selling munitions to the Allies has been concerned much less with the legality than with the ethics of the proceeding. If the Austrian Government had had any knowledge of the American character, it would have based its protest against the American export of war material not on legal but on purely moral considerations. The strongest sentiment in the United States of to-day is not anti-German but anti-war, not pro-Ally but pro-peace. There is nothing Americans desire more fervently than to keep out of the present ghastly struggle. They regard Europe as rattling madly back into barbarism, while they themselves are the sole depositories of sanity and civilization. They feel the waste and horror and criminality of it all with a physical intensity all the more stark for being devoid of the ennobling consolations

which support the actual belligerents. They look down upon us as the victims of dynastic ambitions, diplomatic plots, and an anti-democratic dispensation, and they thank their stars that in America they are exempt from the conditions which have produced so appalling a catastrophe. To remain outside the orbit of its ravages there are very few sacrifices of what in the old phraseology used to be called "national honor" or "national self-respect" or "national interests," to which they will not consent. They see no obligation of honor or self-respect more stringent, and no interest more compelling, than that of discouraging this war madness and enlisting sentiment on the side of reason and legality. The great bulk of Americans simply do not believe that the present conflict, whatever its upshot, touches their national security or endangers their power to hold fast to their own ideals of politics and society and ethics. They have been brought up to believe in the invulnerability of their country, in the completeness of its separation from the feuds and ferment of the Old World, and in the wisdom of the tradition that has prescribed for them a policy of non-interference as the logical corollary to their fortunate geographical remoteness. That they should forfeit these advantages for any cause less urgent than the existence or safety of the Commonwealth seems to many millions of Americans a counsel of suicidal insanity.

We must remember, too, that great fund of American idealism and humanity which their carelessness and affectation of cynicism never quite conceal. They are a fresh and fundamentally wholesome people or medley of peoples, inhabiting a land that is still amazingly under-developed and under-populated, responding eagerly to the needs and opportunities of their environment, but never so absorbed in

material things as to be incapable of dreaming dreams and seeing visions. And of all dreams, that which comes nearest to them is the dream of universal peace; of all visions the one they most cherish is of a world freed from the notion that force is the final arbiter in human affairs. It is not a social or a political accident but a deep spiritual conviction that makes the Americans look askance on militarism and all its accessories. There is a type of mind that still associates the love of peace with anæmia and effeminacy. But the Americans are among the highest spirited, the most robust and adventurous people on this planet; and it is worth noting that the aversion from war is most pronounced in the West and Middle West, where life is simpler and harder than in the East, and where all the conditions have made for an unusual abundance of enterprise and physical vigor.

It is too much to say that this attitude is to be taken as a permanent element in the American consciousness. We have all known an America that would have gone to war, even with Great Britain, at the dropping of a hat. We have all known an America as blindly combative as any Jingo could desire. Even to-day a suspicion that that extremely elastic formula, the Monroe Doctrine, was being flouted or infringed, would make every American grope for a rifle. But all the time there is a steady and unceasing growth of pacifist sentiment, a steady and unceasing revulsion against Imperialism, foreign adventures, the accumulation of armaments, and the whole doctrine of militarism. Its force at any given moment depends, as we see to-day, largely on the nature of the questions that are on the carpet, and largely also on the views and personality of the President. The Americans are a malleable people, and eminently

responsive to leadership. Mr. Wilson's balanced and circumspect temperament, and the fact that the issues that are on the anvil of this war are primarily European and not American issues, have been factors of the greatest weight in keeping opinion sober. They know now what modern war is, and the brutality of the spectacle has knocked on the head the heedlessness they used to inject into the discussion of their foreign relations. The Rooseveltian philosophy was never at a heavier discount among his own countrymen than to-day. The ex-President's slogan "Damn the mollicoddles!" awakes but the feeblest echo. In that spacious, unhampered seclusion of theirs, in a society where women and the Churches have taken into their own hands the decision on all questions of ethics, and among a people of such varied extraction and spread over so vast a domain, the reaction against war develops under more favorable circumstances than obtain or are even imaginable anywhere else.

We have seen conspicuously during the last four years of the Mexican convulsion the force and reality of this reaction. Mr. J. D. Whelpley, a competent observer, who brings a cosmopolitan experience to bear on his native land, was recently in a New York journal summarizing his impressions of a tour across the continent to the Pacific coast. "So great," he wrote, "has become the horror of war as exemplified in Europe, that any idea of armed interference in Mexico by the United States is viewed with loathing. Let them fight it out among themselves. We are not going to send our fathers, husbands, brothers, or sons to be killed or maimed by a lot of squabbling 'Greasers,'" is the way they put it." The course of American

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policy since Diaz fell has been entirely in accordance with this attitude. The United States Government has seen Mexico ground into anarchy by civil war. It has seen American citizens murdered and their property destroyed. It has seen European residents, for whose safety it is mainly responsible, similarly maltreated. It has seen the Mexicans tearing up treaties, defiling the Stars and Stripes, and insulting Mr. Wilson's personal representatives. And all this it has borne with a patience to which there is no parallel in modern history, a patience that seems only to increase, the more it is abused. Never once, apparently, has the President seriously considered the remedy that almost any other ruler would long ago have enforced—the invasion and occupation of the country. Some of his fellow-citizens have found just and pertinent fault with his policy and its consequences; but the majority of them answer all such criticisms by gratefully reflecting that he has kept the peace. Does this portend a gradual widening of the respective angles from which the United States and Europe approach the problems of international politics? Does it mean that the New World and the Old are moving in these matters on different ethical planes, with a different set of standards and values? It is too soon to answer such questions, just as it is too soon to determine how far selfishness and materialism and callousness have contributed to the gathering detestation with which Americans regard this war and all wars. What, at least, is certain is that if, in spite of all their efforts, they are driven to draw the sword against either Mexico or Germany, it will be in no spirit of Chauvinism, but simply and solely under the drive of a call that could not be shirked.

SWISS NEUTRALITY.

Here on the mountain sides around Lake Maggiore they are thinking of gathering the grapes. They hang quickly ripening in all the vineyards and the little arbors that sometimes roof the mountain paths. It is a most important moment of the year materially and spiritually, for it is now that the land yields up its riches and its sunshine, that money is made, and the red and white wine laid up in casks for the coming year. The peasants are seen covering the tempting fruit with long swathes of thorny acacia and bramble. These plants, peaceable enough in their way, are now made to play the parts of sentinels with bayonets against the marauder. The vines, too, are well covered with leafage torn from the woods, and maybe this is their best protection, for what the eye does not see it cannot covet.

It is as if a festival were imminent in the countryside, nor indeed can all this wealth of green and purple grape be pressed to juice without awakening some spiritual ecstasy in the heart of man—man who created for his own necessity the beautiful myth of Dionysus. The Thrasian god must indeed have been worshipped among these hills in the old times, and the cymbals of the Bacchantes heard where now tinkle the cowbells.

For here in Ticinese Switzerland, in a country and among a people that are Italian in ancestry and language, religion impregnates the air as richly as sunshine, and shrines and chapels grow up along the pathway and by the roadside as freely almost as flowers.

Nature provided a little touch of drama yesterday. The rich melting flame of the summer was arrested by a sudden storm—black, terrifying clouds, thunder, lightning, the whole mechanism of the skies, in fact. And in the

morning one woke to see the mountain-tops covered with a nice depth of snow, glistening astonishingly in the sunshine that lower down the slopes was ripening the grapes.

They are fighting in Italy, or in Austria, to be more exact, about a hundred miles away, in a country that is very like this. Maybe for a day or two they will be fighting in the snow until it melts—the cannon roaring on the heights and the peasants gathering in the grapes below.

Here we have an active reminder of the war, in the exercises of the Swiss army, which, of course, has been mobilized for over a year now. As it is very near the Italian frontier here, there are a number of regiments quartered in the towns and villages near Locarno and Lugano. The Government has built barracks for the soldiers upon the mountains, or has converted hotels into such where there were hotels to convert. These places have had very few visitors this year, as might be expected. It is *La Suisse pour les Suisses* now, as their papers say. Of Lucerne's seven thousand, three hundred and fifty-nine visitors during the month of August, more than five thousand were Swiss, while there were six hundred and forty-five Germans and only sixty-four English.

As the Swiss Army is mobilized, it has consequently to be given something to do, and as keeping a watch for possible violations of neutrality on the part of the neighboring states of France, Germany, Italy and Austria does not occupy all its time, many manœuvres are carried out. The villa in which I write found itself in the centre of one of these blank-cartridge fights the other morning, and the occupants were awakened by the noise of rifle and machine-gun fire at half-past

six. Squads of soldiers formed up in the garden and received their orders for the attacking of contiguous heights. The affair lasted two or three hours, when the soldiers returned to their quarters. The Swiss regiments that are stationed about here are either from French or German-speaking cantons, while the Italian Swiss are sent to guard the northern and western frontiers, thus ensuring a more rigorous preservation of the neutrality.

Public opinion on the war, in a country which is itself at peace, is naturally a much more platonic sentiment than the public opinion of a warring nation. In the Ticino, where the race and language and sentiment are Italian, the public opinion is, of course, almost entirely with the Allies, and it is Ticino deputies in the Bund who have spoken strongly in favor of the point of view of the Allies with regard to the convention concerning imports and re-exports from Switzerland. The people here obtain their news chiefly from the Milan papers, the *Corriere della Sera* and the *Secolo*. Probably in Northern Switzerland a more exquisite neutrality exists, though doubtless there is pro-German feeling in German cities like Zurich and Bern. The war, which has stimulated the national sense in nearly every country in the

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world, has not failed to produce a similar result in Switzerland too. The people of this little country recognize that never has it meant so much to be Swiss as it does now.

The Swiss neutrality has its curious side for anyone who does not share it. In a music-seller's shop window, songs such as "Hoch Hindenberg" and British and French martial ballads lie side by side, in the picture postcard cases all the generals and celebrities of the war are displayed for your choice, Joffre resting next to Mackensen, Kitchener face to face with Hindenberg in perfect Swiss neutrality. The Swiss papers at present are discussing with vigor the question of the convalescent prisoners of war to whom it is proposed to offer hospitality. Germany is going to send to Switzerland some thousands of prisoners of war of the allied nations who are sick or convalescent. The advisability of asking for the parole of men in such a state of health and under such conditions is discussed. It will be very difficult for these sick men, it is said, when they have been nursed back to health by their relations, as they may be, to leave their happy surroundings and reimprison themselves in hated Germany. The scheme, however, is to be tried.

Edward Storer.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The wise cats and dogs in Mr. Harry Whittier Frees's "The Little Folks of Animal Land" do some extraordinary things, according to the text, but nothing that our four-footed friends cannot effect, for the sixty pictures are from photographs of real cats and dogs in their habit as they have lived, long enough, at least to sit for their portraits. In his modest little intro-

ductory note, Mr. Frees admits that great patience and invariable kindness were necessary in order to obtain the pictures, but he does not give any of the details. The pictures represent cats and dogs arrayed in checks, plaids and stripes, cooking, dancing, "reaching high C," sawing wood, extinguishing a fire, motoring, and, at last, happily encountering such a destiny as

never before came to Tom or Pussy, Fido or Minette. The nature of that fate is the secret of the book but the small reader should approach it slowly. He never will have a more pleasant journey than the road between the two sets of quaint end papers. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

How the reality of the war came to Polpier, a Cornish fishing village, is told by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch in "Nicky-Nan, Reservist." Here is recorded no sudden burst of patriotism and enthusiasm, nor any ready-made feeling against the war; on the contrary the author traces the slow growth of a community's consciousness of the outside world and the awakening of its conscience. Although Nicky-Nan, the affliction which kept him from being called upon immediately as a reservist, his discovery of a hoard of gold, and the cloudy rumors that pointed to his being a German spy, all go to make an interesting story, the point of the book lies in the change which war effected in men's minds. A slowly rising tide of national feeling and a new conception of duty carries the story forward. The characters are not lay figures for a picturesque war drama, they are real people, fond of their comforts and their rights, and instinctively contemptuous of interference from outside. There may be other novels based on the war which will be more popular than this, but few will be more sincere and true to human nature. D. Appleton & Co.

The Houghton Mifflin Co. publish three volumes in the New Poetry Series: *Some Imagist Poets—An Anthology*; *Irradiations: Sand and Spray* by John Gould Fletcher; and *Japanese Lyrics Translated by Lafcadio Hearn*. All three books are of verse of the so-called "imagist" order, the aim of which according to the

Preface to the Anthology, is to create new rhythms, to "present an image," and to produce poetry "that is hard and clear, never blurred and indefinite." Six imagist poets, Richard Aldington, "H. D.", John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence and Amy Lowell are represented in the Anthology; and the reader will learn with mingled emotions that it is the intention of this group to publish a similar volume annually. It is explained that the arrangement of authors is alphabetical, to avoid any appearance of precedence. It is not easy to describe imagist verse. Its quality can best be discerned by quotation. Here is "New Love" by Richard Aldington:

She has new leaves
After her dead flowers,
Like the little almond-tree
Which the frost hurt.

And here is "Sea Rose" by "H. D.":

Rose, harsh rose,
marred and with stint of petals,
meagre flower, thin,
sparse of leaf,

more precious
than a wet rose,
single on a stem—
you are caught in the drift.

Stunted, with small leaf,
you are flung on the sands,
you are lifted
in the crisp sand
that drives in the wind.

Can the spice-rose
drip such acrid fragrance
hardened in a leaf?

The hasty and unenlightened reader will see no reason why verse like that might not be turned off by the ream.

Bret Harte ceased to have imitators long before he went to the immortals to receive his triple garland as poet, humorist, and romancer, and the pres-

ent writers on California do not wear his spectacles when contemplating the Golden State. Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, with whose name both theatre-goers and novel lovers are familiar, having a cosmopolitan experience, can judge the State and its people better than the unsophisticated Harte, and is better qualified to select typical figures from the successors of the Argonauts. His latest hero is a young giant who captures and sells rattlesnakes, takes a young condor from its parent nest, and otherwise comports himself in a manner astonishing to an Oakland young woman desirous of adding him to her list of conquests. His behavior when pursued is unexpected, and his final victory is not what he planned, but it is completely satisfactory to him and also to his rural Eve and his city Lilith. The condor and the snakes are less fortunate. Those who would know their fate must read "Spragge's Canyon." The hero's name is George Spragge. London itself could have given him none worse, but his mother and his bride do not even perceive its ugliness. George's muscularity and other good manly qualities can dispense with all adventitious attractions as far as they and the reader are concerned. George H. Doran Co.

In "a light that never shone on land or sea," but only in the books of Maurice Hewlett, the characters in "The Little Iliad" play again a miniature drama of Troy. Roderick Malleeson was a Highland chieftain with six sons, all cast in a heroic mold. Four of the family fell in love, each in his characteristic way, with Helena, wife of an Austrian baron. This Baron Broderode was a man of indomitable will, crippled by locomotor ataxia, and he seemed to the Malleasons to be a monster of evil. As a family they championed the cause of Helena and strove to make her one of the clan.

Helena's choice among the Malleeson lovers, when the Baron finally died, is almost as surprising to the reader as it was to the disappointed suitors. The story has tragic moments but is written mostly in the vein of comedy. Those readers who are not partial to Hewlett will see nothing in the book, but his admirers will be delighted. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Clarence Hawkes's "Hitting the Dark Trail" (Henry Holt & Co.) although written in a cheerful and courageous spirit, is as pathetic a bit of autobiography as one often comes upon. The author, when a boy of fourteen, lost the sight of both eyes through a misdirected shot of his father's gun, while hunting. He was already a cripple, having had his left leg amputated when only nine years old, as a result of erysipelas. Either misfortune would have been enough to crush the spirit of most boys, but he bore up manfully under both, became in his early manhood a lecturer, a poet, a contributor to the magazines, and a close student of Nature—finding, as he expresses it in the sub-title of his book, "sunshine through thirty years of night." It is this sunshine with which his book is chiefly charged. He writes with a simple directness which appeals to the heart of the reader, and his narrative is an inspiring reminder that courage and faith may triumph over the most serious obstacles. The well-known naturalist, Dallas Lore Sharp, writes an Introduction, and there are several illustrations.

In "The Measure of a Man," Amelia Barr touches upon a theme which is a vital one to-day, but she places her story in England of the sixties. John Hatton, the hero, is a cotton manufacturer of Yorkshire of the most unworldly and conscientious type who keeps his mills running when all the

other manufacturers close theirs on account of the Civil War in America. His beautiful young wife does not wish to have children and an only daughter is the sole heir of the head of a house which is more than three hundred years old. As a foil the author introduces a less responsible and impetuous brother of John Hatton who makes what is at first considered an undesirable marriage, but who established a wonderfully happy family. The sorrows of the cotton spinners whom the American war reduces almost to starvation, and tragedy in her own life awaken the wife of John Hatton to a sense of her selfishness and of her duty to the world. The spirit of the book is deeply religious and its tone sincere. D. Appleton & Co.

Successful advertising and successful salesmanship are now generally recognized as resting back upon skill in the art of putting things, and this again upon a keen knowledge of human nature. Both the art and the knowledge are exemplified in Sherwin Cody's "How to Deal with Human Nature in Business" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) a five-hundred-page handbook which is crowded with helpful and practical suggestions, examples of the right sort and the wrong sort of business letters, and exact statements of results of different methods. A mastery and practical application of the principles defined and illustrated in this book might well make the difference between success and failure in the selling of goods.

Professor Oscar W. Firkins, at the very outset of his "Ralph Waldo Emerson," gives fair warning that it is eulogy and not defence that he has undertaken, for he announces his subject as "first of American thinkers." He accounts for this biography by pointing to the fresh materials for judgment to be found in the ten-volume

edition of the "Journals" edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes, and rather sadly declares "At the present instant he is hardly in the strong sense a teacher; hardly in the strong sense an example; he is a revelation of capacity, an adjourned hope, an unassured but momentous foreshadowing." But Professor Firkins predicts that the influence of Emerson is to be greater in the future than in the past; and that humanity "must receive a new and profound charge of the religious spirit before its real pupilage to the waiting master can begin." The real value of this work is the fairness with which it summarizes Emerson, philosophy, poetry, theology, logic, personal character and life. A visitor from another planet pressed for time to understand the present mental condition of the cool American Laodicean, may find his genesis and evolution in this memoir, Professor Firkins gives him chapter and verse for all his assertions, as to Emerson and his friends. And he lays full weight on that exquisite sweetness of character that endeared Emerson to all whom he encountered, however casually. The judgments frankly recorded in the Journals plainly showed that he was neither blind nor indolent, but courteously, serenely self-content. The frontispiece of the book, Daniel Chester French's noble statue of Emerson now in the public library at Concord emphasizes his life story with the head and hands dominating the composition and subduing the beholder. The ultra-planetary visitor would have to decide between the earlier and later views of Emerson, and simply because of that calm sweetness of character, he might yield his allegiance and range himself beside Professor Firkins. To compel this surrender is the precise business of the advocate-biographer. Houghton Mifflin Company.